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THE PHOTO ISSUE



















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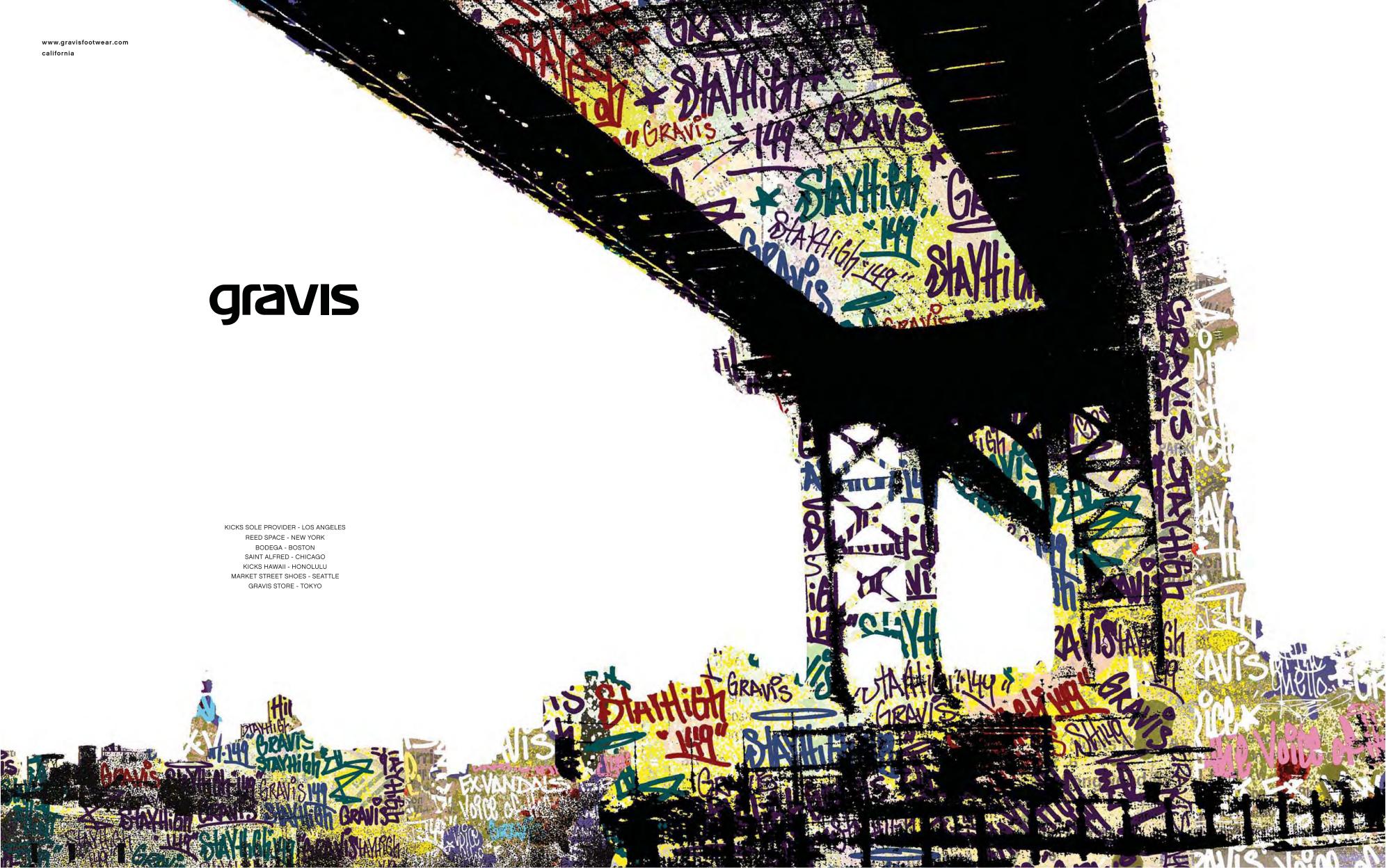


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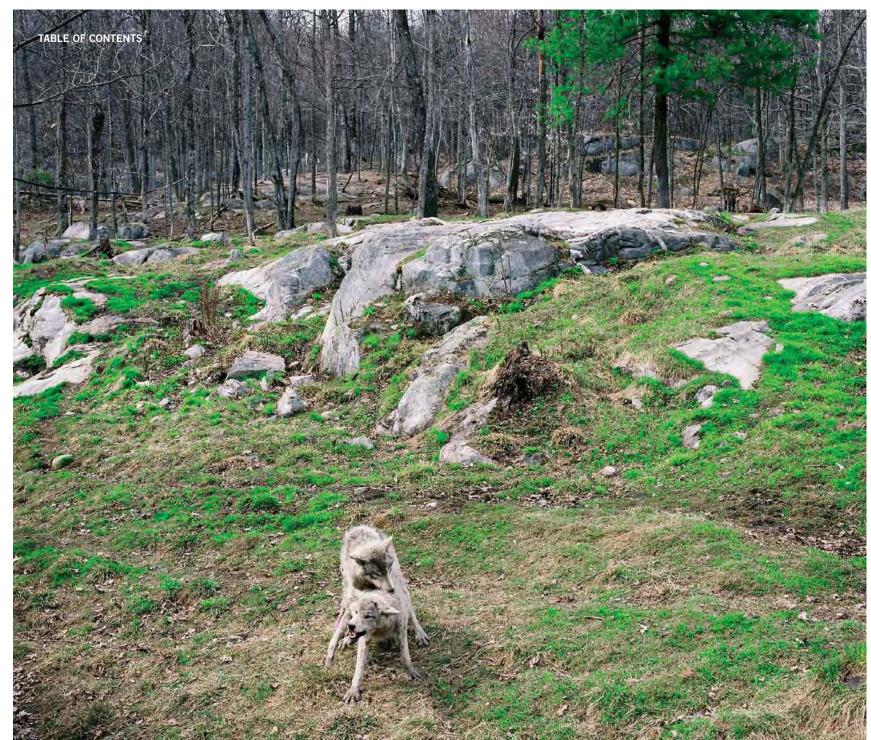


Photo by Radeq Brousil. "This is from my upcoming photo series called 'St. Francis Came to Montreal,' which is all about my weird experiences with animals in Canada. I'm from the Czech Republic and when I came to Canada I was shocked at how comfortable wild animals are with people. Birds would fly around and stop on my hand to eat seeds and squirrels would practically climb up my legs (I was scared they would bite my penis). I walked into the forest and deer just stared at me. I saw two wolves fucking and they didn't even look up at me. It's almost like the animals are on drugs, like they're losing their own natural behavior. In Europe this is really not normal."

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 7

Cover photo by Ragnar Persson

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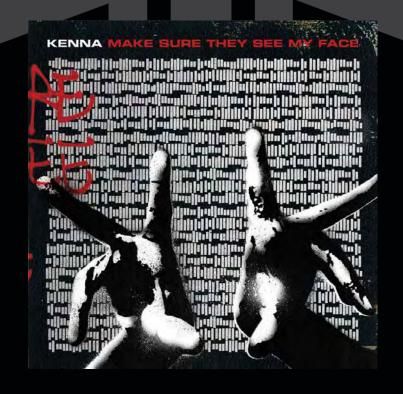






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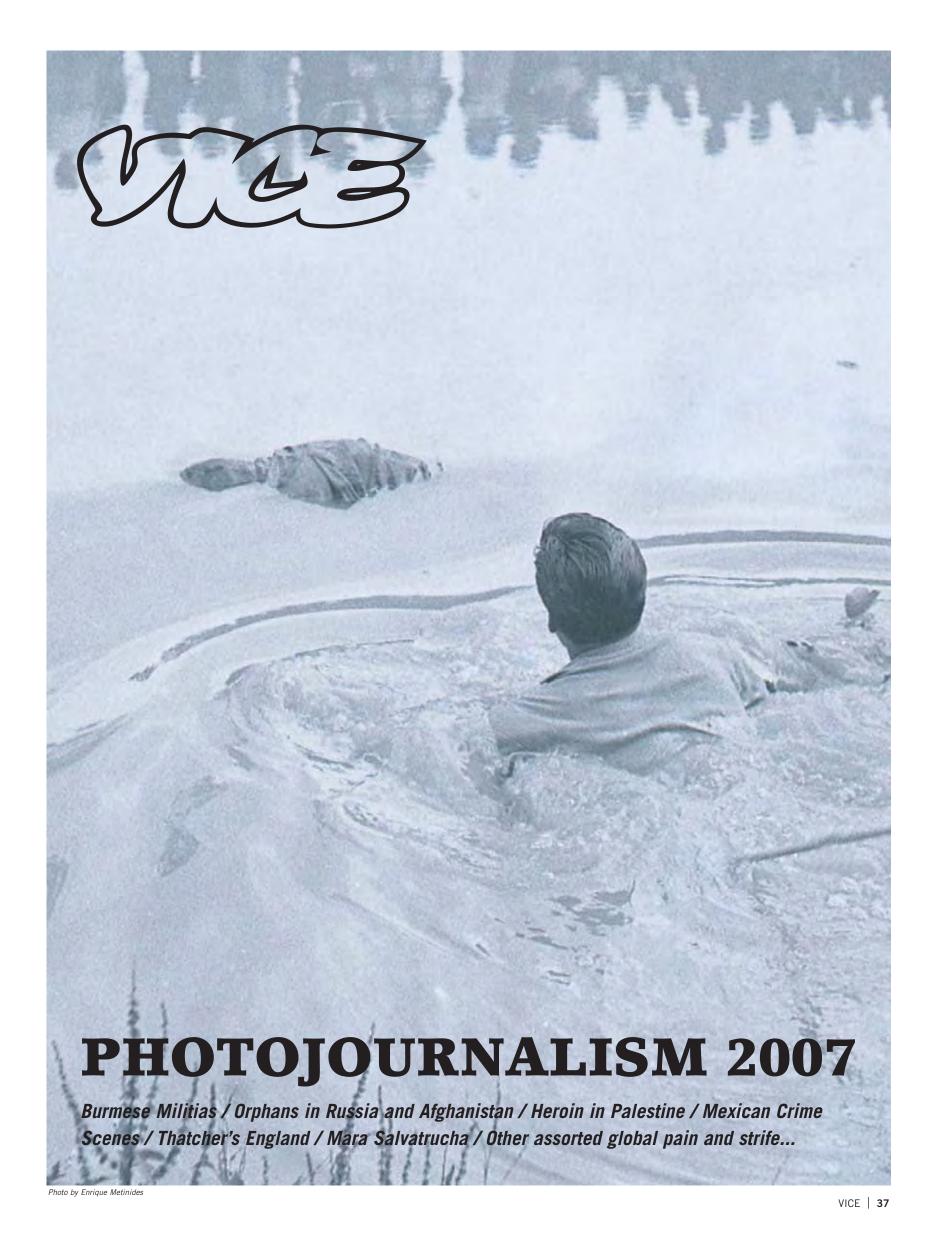






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RUSSIAN ROULETTE

The Children of Soviet AIDS

PHOTOS AND INTERVIEWS: MISHA GALUSTOV COORDINATION: ALEXA KAROLINSKI

Starting in the 80s, AIDS hit the United States and Europe in two waves. First came the actual disease, the thing you can get that kills you dead. Then came the massive piles of info, stats, debate, and talk. Almost two decades later, we challenge you to find anyone with a high school education who can't tell you something about transmission rates, anti-retroviral cocktails, and, most importantly, how not to get infected. But do you know where they know none of that stuff? Russia.

In a country where it's widely believed that you can get the virus from sharing food, most HIV-positive Russians are forced to hide their illness from their relatives, friends, and colleagues. There's not just a stigma around it—if you're known to be infected, you will be fired and ostracized. As a result of this witch-hunt culture of shame, ignorance, misinformation, and shocking stupidity, Russia has one of the fastest growing rates of HIV infection in the world. UNICEF estimates that in 2005 there were 940,000 people in Russia living with HIV. Of these, it is believed that 160,000 were children infected by their mothers during childbirth.

HIV-infected mothers in Russia historically abandon their children after birth—either that or they hide the fact that their child has HIV. Of the many orphanages that exist in Russia, none officially house HIV-positive kids, but we recently decided to go to some Russian orphanages and figure out how exactly things worked. We were kicked out of five institutions and had to spend hours in a filthy police station after a security guard took away our camera before we found an orphanage that would let us come in and ask some questions and take some photos.

This facility is in the Vladimir Region, about 280 kilometers from Moscow. It's kind of a drab Soviet-bloc-style building with a high fence and dogs at the entrance gate. The only reason I got in was because I accompanied NGO volunteers. It's widely known that this is one of the places where HIV-positive kids get placed after they turn eight years old and can't stay in specialized clinics. In this orphanage they live with other kids. I didn't know which ones I interviewed had HIV, and neither did they.



Vice: How are you today?

Seryozha, 7 [right]: Really good. I just had lunch and I want to play, but the nurses said I have to wait half an hour. They say it's better for my stomach.

They're right. You could get a stomachache. How long have you been here? Not very long. A few months or something.

Where were you before?

In a different home for children, but I didn't like it there. I didn't get along with the children and the nurses were unfriendly. There were many sick children there too.

What did they have?

I don't really know. The nurses didn't tell me.

Are you sick?

I get shots and pills every week, but I'm not sick. I can do anything. When you are sick you have to stay in bed and I don't.

Do you know why you get medication? I get pills so I don't get sick. The nurses said that it's easy to get sick in the winter.

Have you ever heard of HIV?

Do you know your parents?

I met my mom last year. I don't know my father. My mother told me that my father is a businessman and that he travels a lot and is very busy.

Are you in contact with your mom? She called me on my birthday.

That's great. What did she say? "Happy birthday." And she asked if I was happy and told me that she is sick.

What does she have?

She said that it's something difficult to heal and that she is going somewhere else to live and that she might not see me again.





Vice: How was your breakfast today? Alina, 10: Good. We had hot kasha.

What did you dream about last night? I don't remember it very well. Something about the sea.

Have you been there?
Twice. We went to the Black Sea with a group. I played with jellyfish and collected stones.

What is your day here like?

I wake up and then I have physical exercises and breakfast. Next are school lessons, which I really like. After that I go to a sewing group.

We sew dolls and Christmas-tree decorations. We'll begin with real clothes next year. We sold some of our sewn toys at a fair but mine didn't sell.

Do you know much about your parents?

My mother used to correspond with me, but she disappeared when I was eight years old. She was beautiful. Our chief mother here says that she's in the sky, that she moved there and I'll meet her there many years from now. Anyway, I miss her.

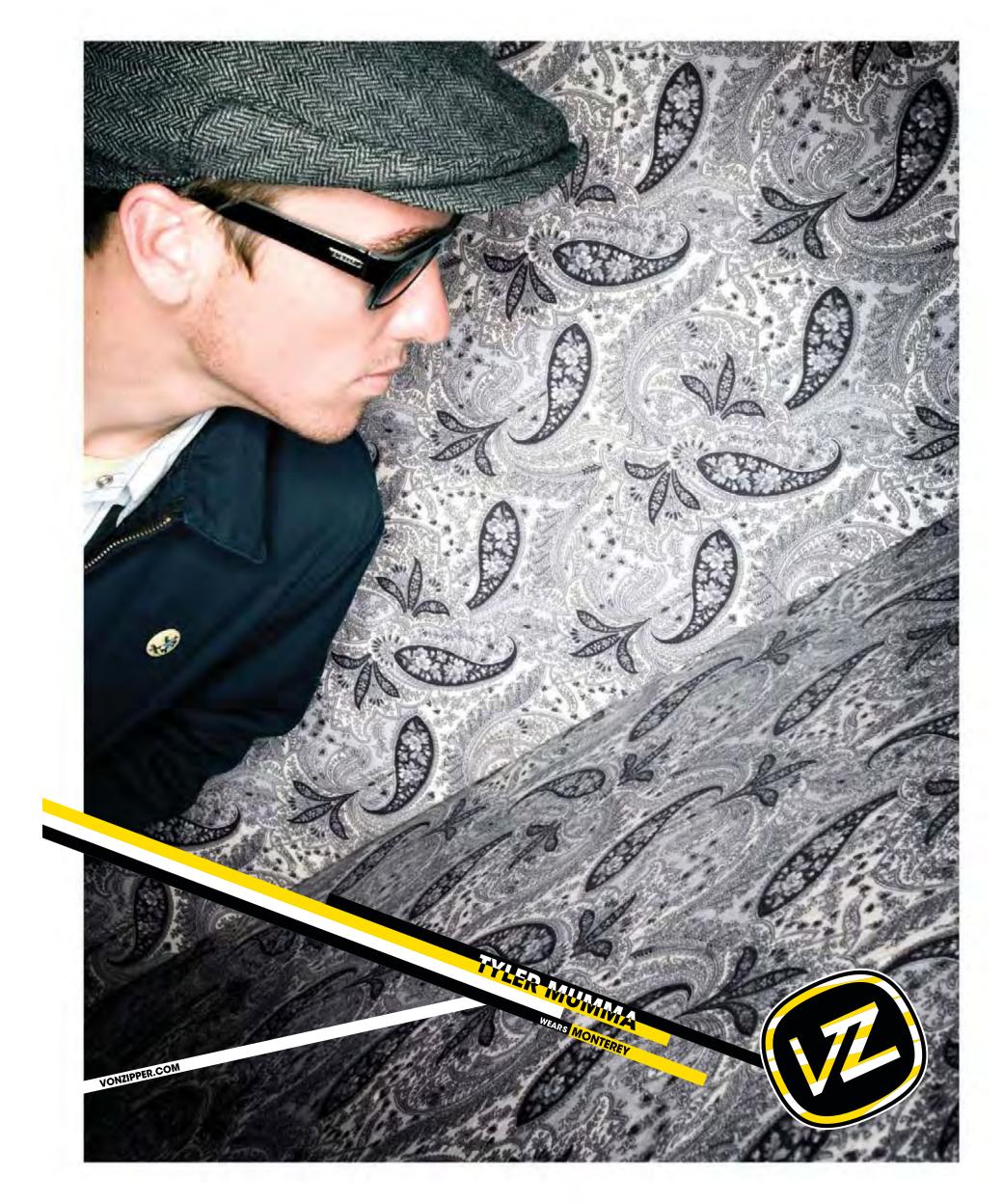
What do you know about God?

I know that he's in the sky and he watches us.

A teacher says he recognizes everyone and can hear everybody.

Would you like to be adopted? I don't know. I'm afraid of that. What if I don't like them or they don't like me? I've heard of a girl who was adopted and her parents didn't like her. She killed herself, children

Do you know about HIV or AIDS? It's scary and fatal. And the people with AIDS never tell others that they have it. That's why they can easily infect you.





Vice: Do you get along with the nurses here? Seryozha, 10: Sometimes, when they don't punish me.

Do you get punished a lot? Yes, but it's mostly undeserved.

Well, once Ilya and I took a bowl of warm water and put it under someone else's hand while he was sleeping. He peed his pants!

That's a classic.

And once, during shower time, we stole all the girls' towels. We hid them in our closets. That wasn't so clever, because they found them. We got punished for a week.

Are you in contact with your parents? My mother calls me on my birthdays. She lives far away, near St. Petersburg. She said she will come and pick me up from this place one day.

Did your mom ever tell you why you are here? She said that she couldn't take care of me and that people here can take better care of me.

Do you believe that?

My mother said that the place where she lives doesn't allow children. She lives in a home with many other adults who have the same problems as her.

Do you know what kind of problems? No, but she said she might always be there.

What's your plan for the rest of the evening? First I'll have dinner, then I have to take my pills and then we're all watching a movie.

Why do you have to take a pill?

The nurses say that I have to take them so I don't get sick. Most of the children here take them. Once a girl got sick, but she was moved to a different place.

Do you know what she had?

No. The other children said that she died, but I don't know if that's true.

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Vice: I like your haircut. Who did it? Sasha, 13: Thanks. My girlfriend Svetlana did it a couple of days ago. I like it very much.

Tell me about your girlfriend...

We have a good connection. We talk a lot and ride bicycles together or go for walks outside. It's just good to have someone.

Do you hold hands and kiss each other? Yes, we do. But it's against the rules here, so the nurses don't know. Don't tell them, OK?

Do you take medication?

Sometimes a nurse gives me a pill. I don't know what it's for. I think they're vitamins.

How often do you take medicine? Two times a week, probably. There are kids in here that take way more medicine. The nurses say they need it for their immune system.

What do you know about HIV? It's a disease that kills you.

W/hat also

You can get it when you have contact with other people who have HIV. I think you should never have contact with people who have it. They should stay in separate places.

What do you know about your mom? She was very sick. That's why I am here. She died in a hospital when I was two. My first years were spent in a hospital, too. I needed some kind of medication when I was younger. My heart was not that strong or something. I don't really know the name of the disease.

What do you know about your dad? Nothing.

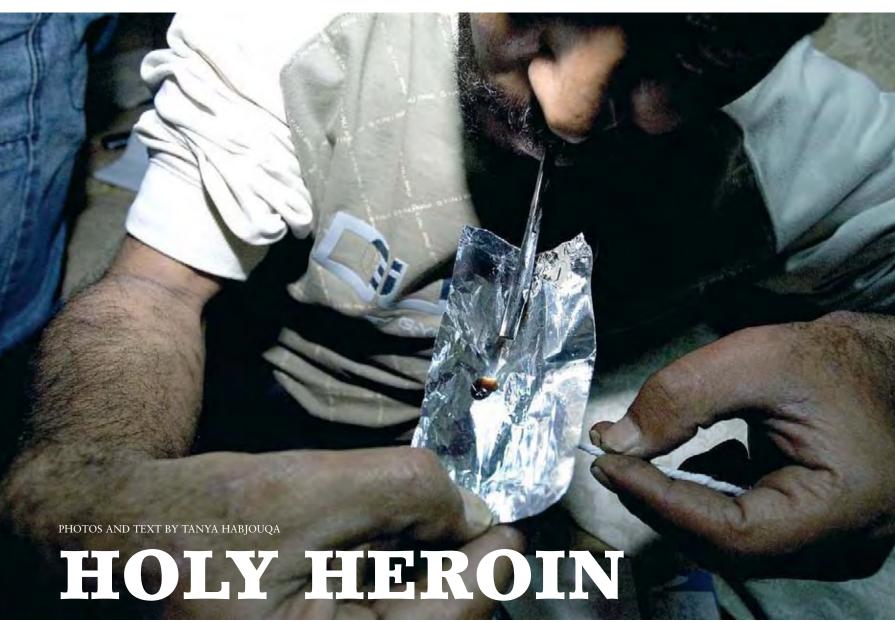
What would you ask him if you met him? I would like to know everything about him, what he is doing and why he left me and my mom. But I don't think about it a lot. You can't show that you are weak, otherwise other people will bully you.

ambiguers







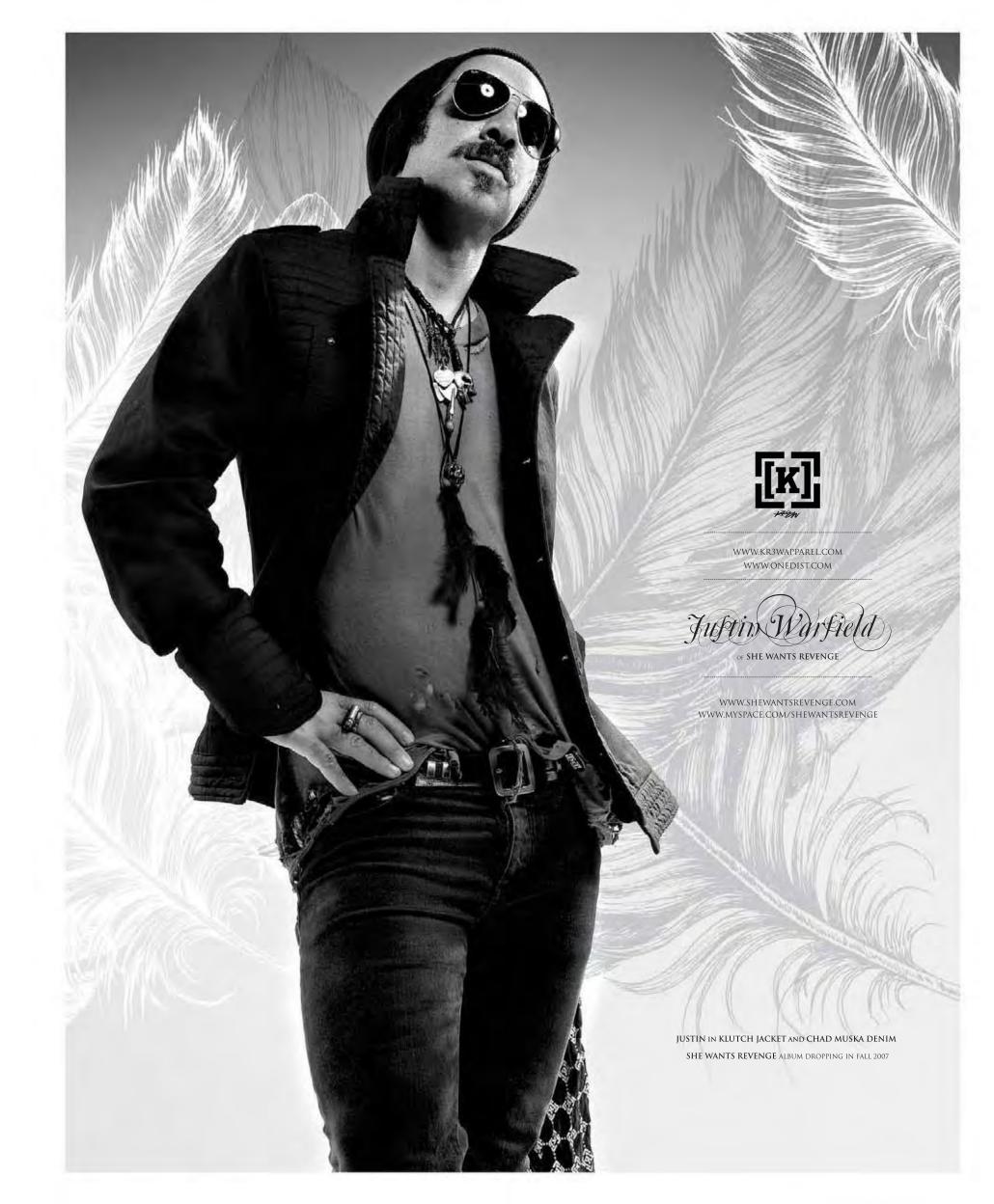


The better part of East Jerusalem's junkies is concentrated in the Old City—the single square kilometer of land into which the Wailing Wall, the death sites of Jesus and Mohammed, and about 35,000 Jews and Arabs are all crammed. This is where Hassan here has spent his last 17 years freebasing.



Omar and his buddy waiting for their fix in a heroin den outside the Shuafat refugee camp, a five-minute walk from the Israeli checkpoint into West Jerusalem. At any given moment there are about 50 guys of various ages crowded into this old blasted-out building smoking or shooting up.

There are about 6,000 junkies living in East Jerusalem, the area Israel captured (or recaptured) from Jordan during the Six-Day War. Unlike the rest of the West Bank, the Palestinian Authority has no control over the region, which has resulted in more or less a complete vacuum of Arab social and legal infrastructure. And with the Israeli police trying to keep the area's refugee camps and contentious Jewish settlements from boiling over into full-on civil war, looking after a bunch of Palestinian heroin addicts isn't too high on anybody's list of priorities.

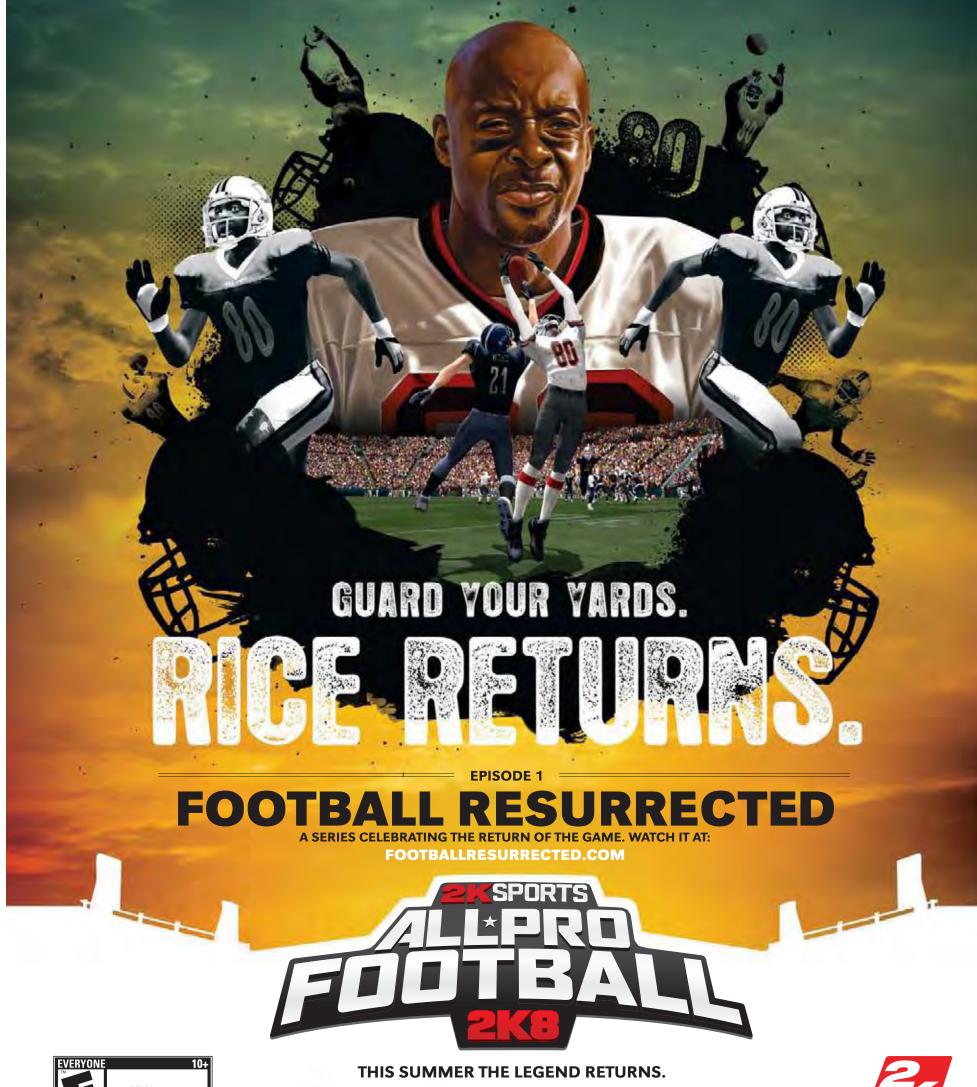




This dad lives with his wife and five children in a one-room apartment with a combined kitchen-bathroom-closet in the Old City. He told me he always shuts himself in the closet to shoot up so his kids don't see, and seemed to be a pretty good



And here's Omar finally shooting up. The den is another five minutes' walk from one of the region's other rehabs, the Noor Center, but with no police forcing him to clean up and no jobs around the camp to take on even if he did, the odds of him taking that stroll anytime soon are a good infinity to zero.



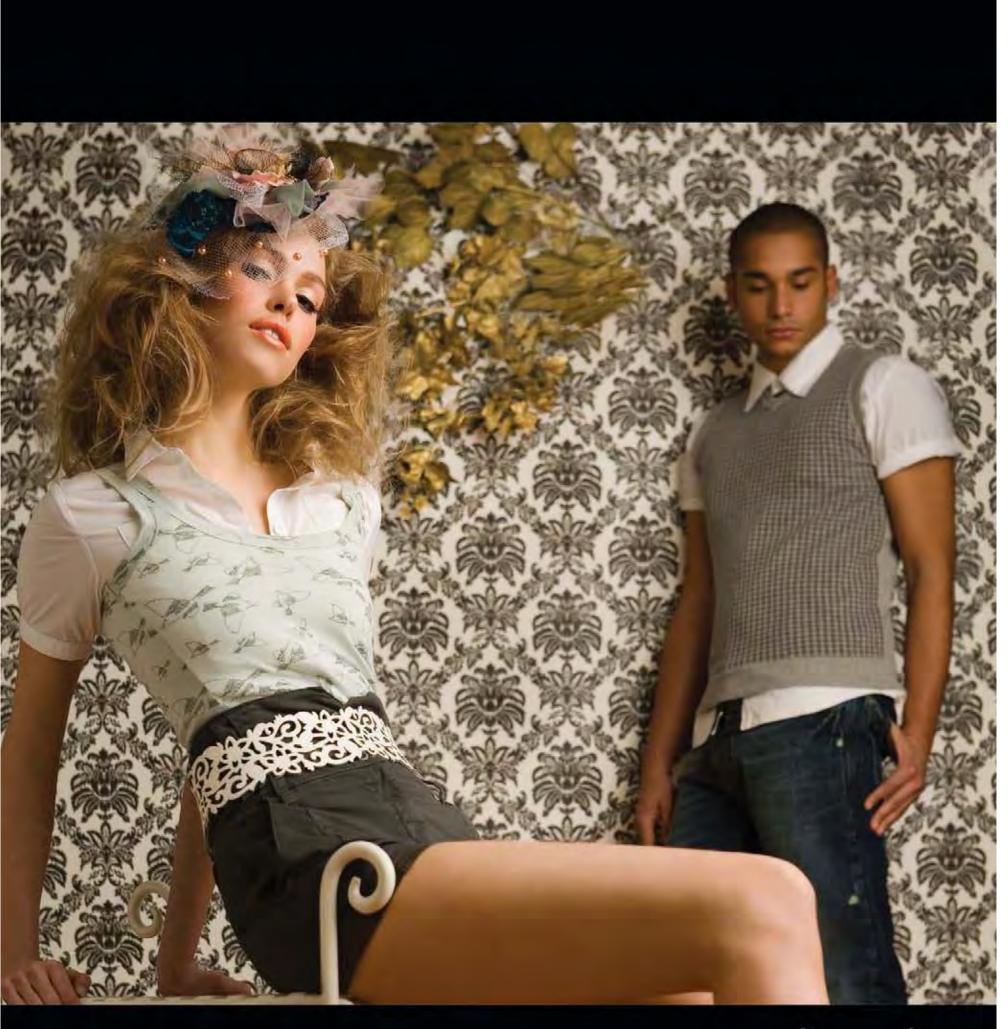




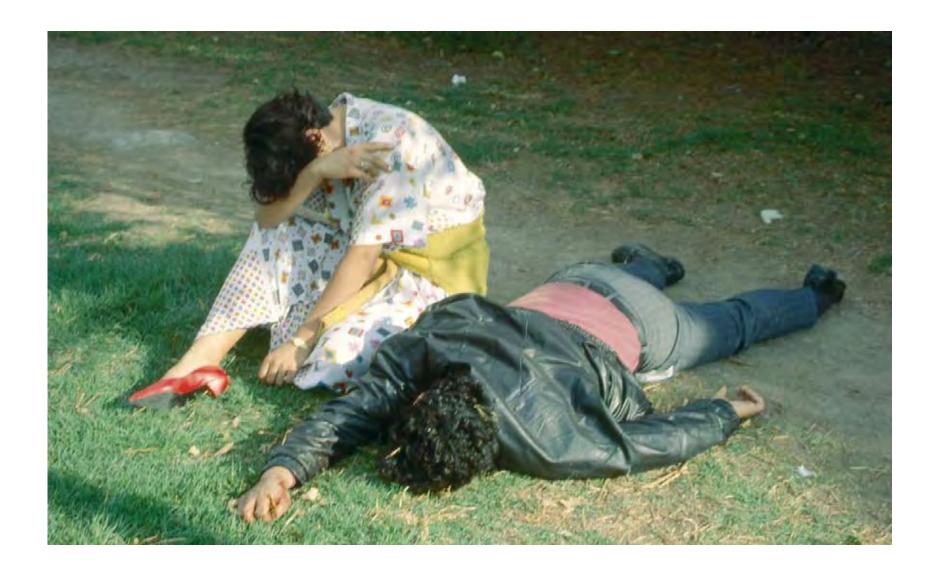




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ENRIQUE METINIDES IS OUR NEW FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPHER

He photographed crime scenes in Mexico City for 50 years. How did we not know about this guy until now? Here, Metinides talks to Vice about his life and his work. Imagine if he was your grandpa.

hen I was ten years old my dad had a business where he sold, among other things, cameras and rolls of film to tourists. The business was on downtown Mexico City's main street, Avenida Juarez, in front of the Alameda Central. That's like Mexico City's Central Park. When they knocked down the building where my dad's business was in the 1940s to build a big department store, he gave me a camera that he hadn't sold and a bag full of film. I started taking pictures around downtown Mexico City.

It was around that time that I started taking photos of crashed cars. When there was an accident in the city, the police used to tow the cars to the front of the downtown police station. I would go over there to take pictures of them. I was a big fan of gangster movies, Al Capone, and any sort of cop movie. I used to go see those movies in the theaters downtown. I was fascinated by those movies.

The year after I started taking pictures my dad opened a restaurant and the local cops used to go there for lunch every day. I got to know a lot of them, and they started taking me to the station to take pictures of the people they arrested and the corpses they would pick up.

I remember when I was 11 years old I went to the police station one day and they had just brought in this guy who had been decapitated on the train tracks. Somebody had tied his neck down and the train wheel ran over it. It was the first time I'd seen a dead body so close-up. I took a picture of him with his head in his hands. Later on, when I

began working as a crime-scene photographer's assistant, I would see 30, 40, 50 corpses a day.

I really wanted to be a crime reporter at that age, and I used to collect crime stories from the press, from all around the world. I would cut them out of the paper and paste them in an album I had. One day there was a car accident right next to a restaurant my dad had opened in San Cosme. I ran out to take some pictures. A photographer from the *La Prensa* newspaper showed up to take some pictures too, and he saw me there and invited me to come work as his assistant at the newspaper. That's how I got my first job.

I started taking pictures all over the city, and the newspaper always used my pictures because they thought they were the best shots. I was still in grammar school then. By the time I was 14 I was on the payroll at another important paper, called *Zocalo*, and I was working with famous Mexican crime magazines like *La Alarma*, *Crimen*, and *Nota al Crimen*.

The police and the firemen back then were very helpful, not like nowadays. Back then they would let you ride in their trucks, they'd let you get into the crime scene. Now they won't let you get anywhere near the scene because they don't want people to know what's happening in Mexico.

I worked for 50 years as a crime photographer. I started taking these pictures when I was ten and I stopped when I was 59 years old. I've seen more corpses than anyone. I'd say that I've seen more corpses than Weegee himself, and I love Weegee. I'm a huge fan. I have like seven books of his

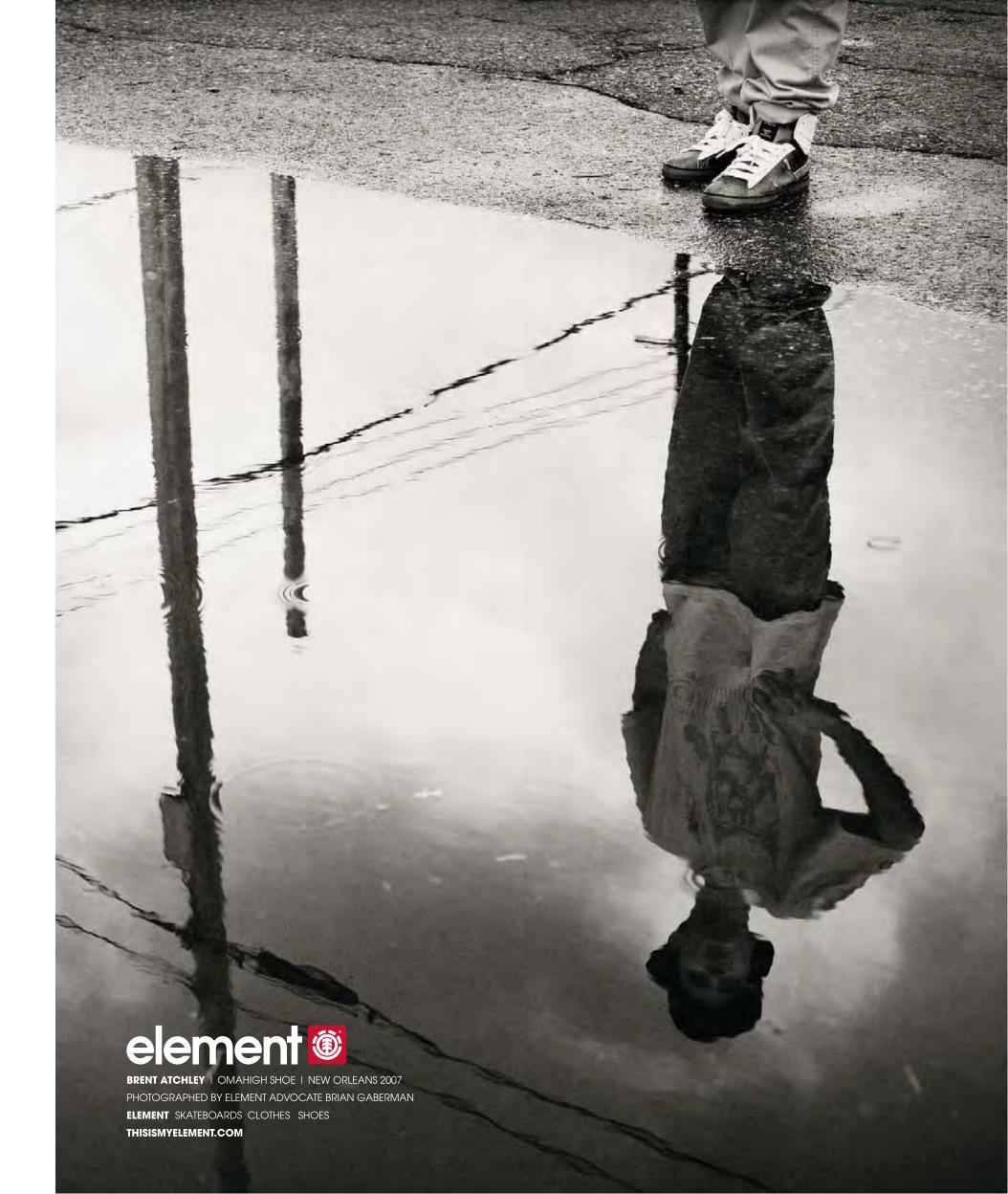
at my home. In fact they once published a book in France that is a mix of my work and Weegee's.

Weegee had a police radio in his car. I was the first photographer in Mexico to do the same. As soon as the police were informed of a crime I would know exactly where it was and would even get there before them. When I would get to a crime scene I would photograph the house, the weapon, the witnesses, the onlookers, the photographs of the victims when they were alive... everything. I actually used to give my photographs to the police to conduct their investigations. They once solved a crime thanks to one of my pictures. I used to photograph the people who would come to look at the crime scene, the onlookers. On one occasion, I photographed all the onlookers at a murder scene and it later turned out that in one of the photographs I had captured the murderer, who was also the victim's best friend and had claimed to be out of town on the day of the homicide. He was in the picture looking at the crime scene, but when they had interrogated him he swore he had been out of town visiting friends.

In Mexico City there's always been a lot of accidents and a lot of deaths. I can remember so many cases where bodies were cut up into little pieces and sprinkled throughout the city. Mexico City is full of the worst crimes that you could ever imagine. I've seen more accidents and crimes than you'd believe. But I really wish I could have been in New York for 9/11. What a spectacle that was!



In the outskirts of Mexico City there used to be an airstrip for pilots who were learning to fly. Every once in a while they would crash, and both the teacher and student would die. I probably went to 70 accidents at that same airstrip.



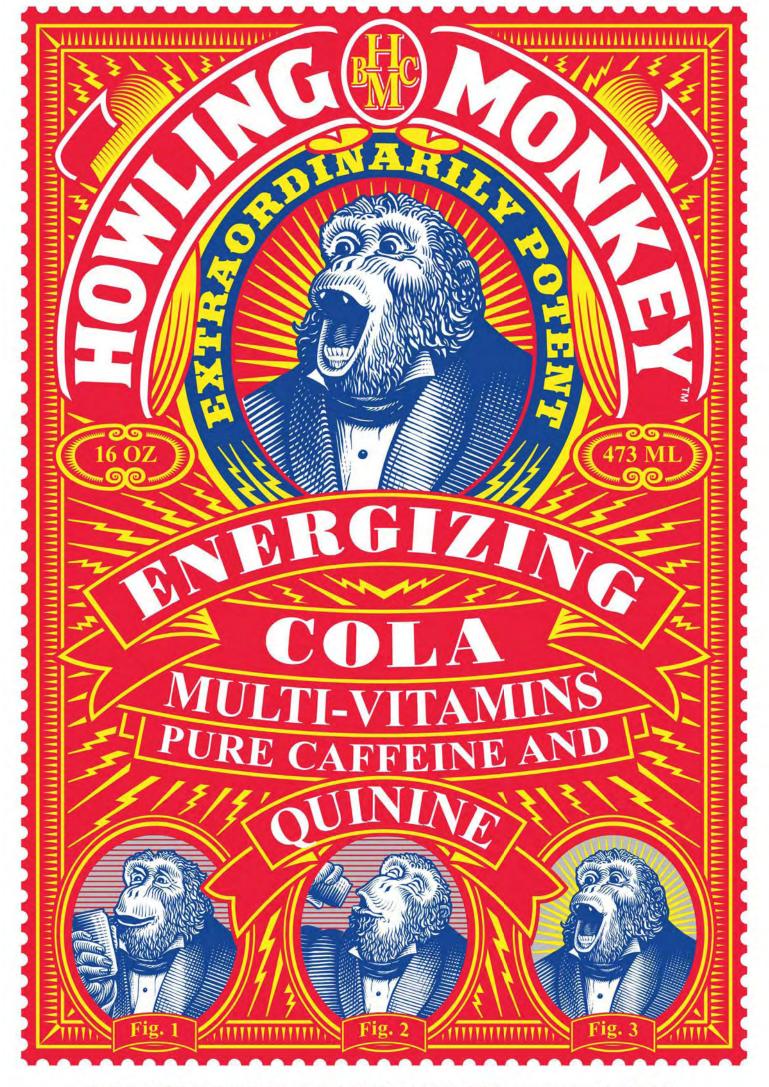


This is a picture of one of so many poor people who, to this day, continue to steal electricity in Mexico City. They connect a cable to their home and then climb up the post to hook into the system, but they often get electrocuted.



This picture was taken on Avenida Chapultepec and Calle de Monterrey in Colonia Roma. She was a very famous journalist who wrote some really good books. That day she had a book-release party and was on her way there. She was all made up, going to pick up her sister to go to the event. Crossing the street, two cars crashed and then ran her over. This picture is great because she has all her makeup on and she just doesn't look dead even though she is.

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This lady went to Chapultepec, Mexico City's biggest park, and asked which was the oldest tree. She went to the tree, pulled a rope out of her purse, and hanged herself. When they took the body down from the tree, they found a photograph of her daughter in her purse with a note that read: "My husband left me and took my daughter when she was nine years old, and today, when she turns 15 and I still haven't seen her, I can no longer take the pain and I'm taking away my own life."





Commandos assaulted a bank and killed three police officers. After killing the officers they took the money and ran. When the police cars and ambulances started to show up, the criminals went into a shopping center on Avenida Universidad. Once they got inside there was a big shootout, and many of the customers were injured. The robbers got away through the back door. They never caught them. I've been caught in the middle of so many shootouts! I remember being at one where some commandos had assaulted a factory. They had killed four people. As the police were catching up with them, they hid in a movie theater. The police surrounded the theater and there was a huge shootout. The police officer that was standing next to me was shot in the stomach.





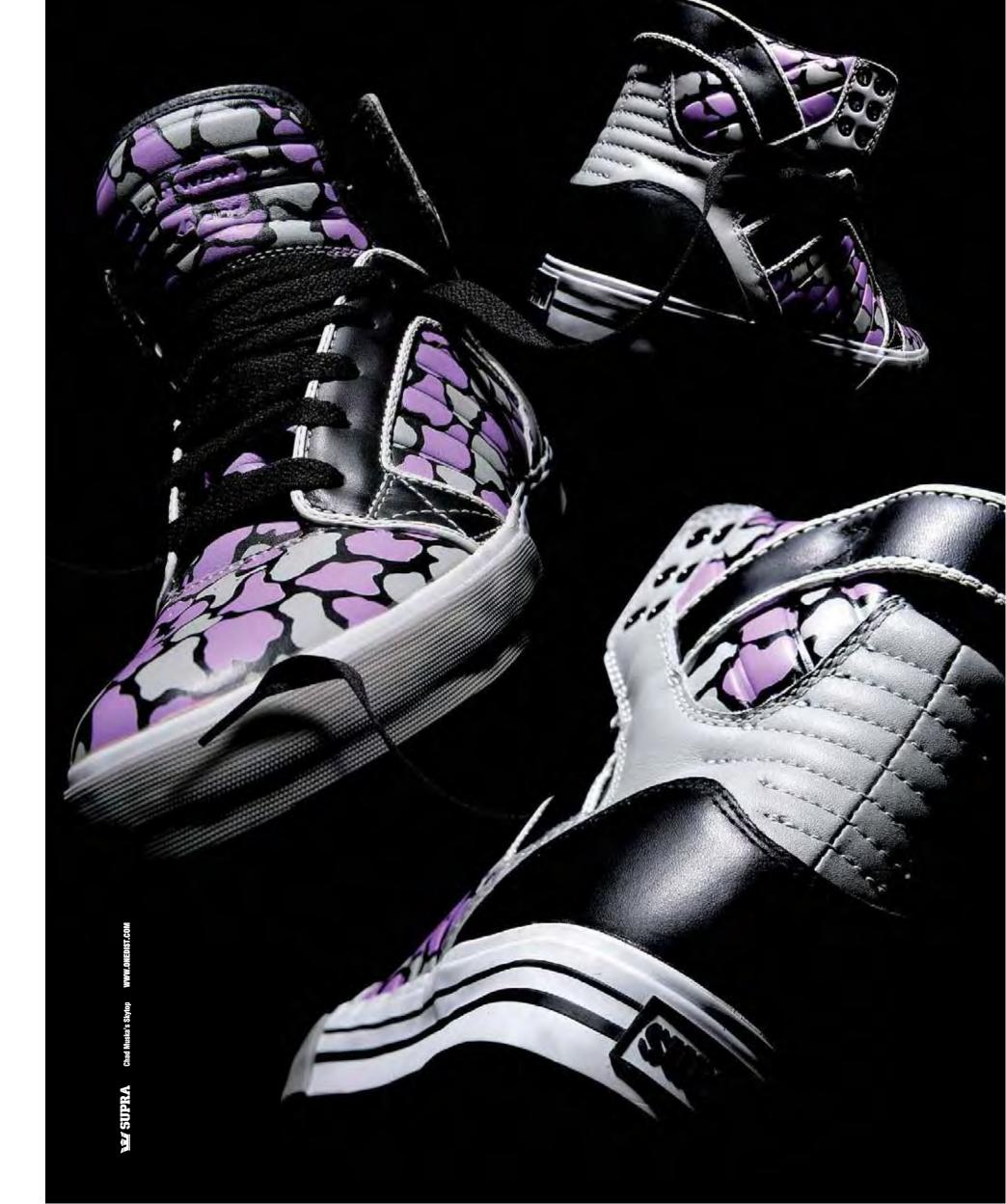


You better already know about MS-13, aka Mara Salvatrucha, aka the possible future ruling party of America. A massive, nebulous conglomeration of Latino street gangs that stretches all across the States and Central America, the Maras thrive in some of the most godforsaken neighborhoods in the world. MS-13 is the oldest and largest of Maras, but there are plenty more to take its place should it ever be knocked from power.

be knocked from power.

In the 1980s, immigrants fleeing the brutal civil war in El Salvador landed in Los Angeles and banded together to protect themselves from other LA gangs. The original group called themselves the Mara Salvatrucha Stoners and more or less looked like Hispanic metalheads (kind of awesome). As new chapters and divisions sprang up, their look gradually gelled with the cholos surrounding them.







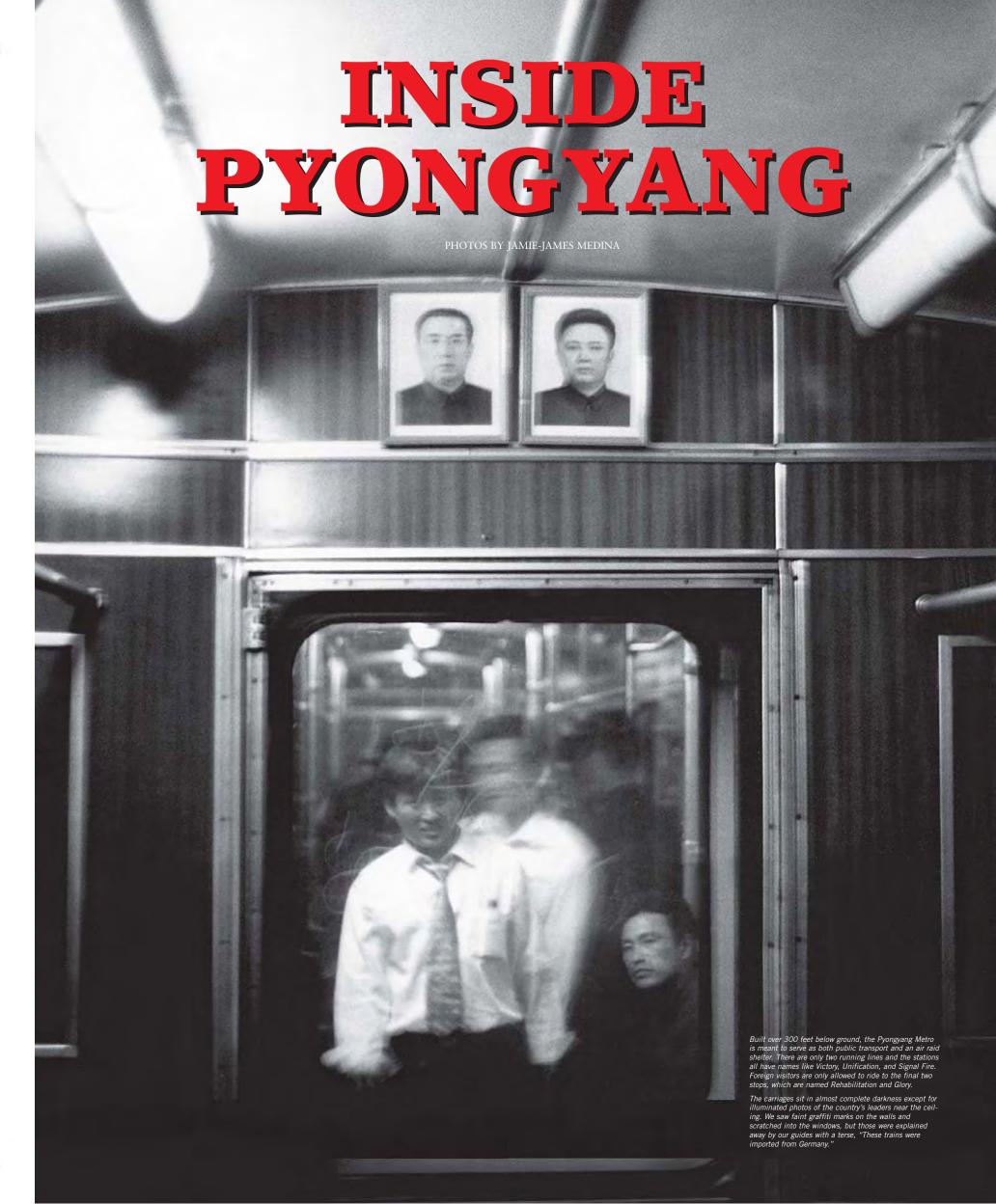
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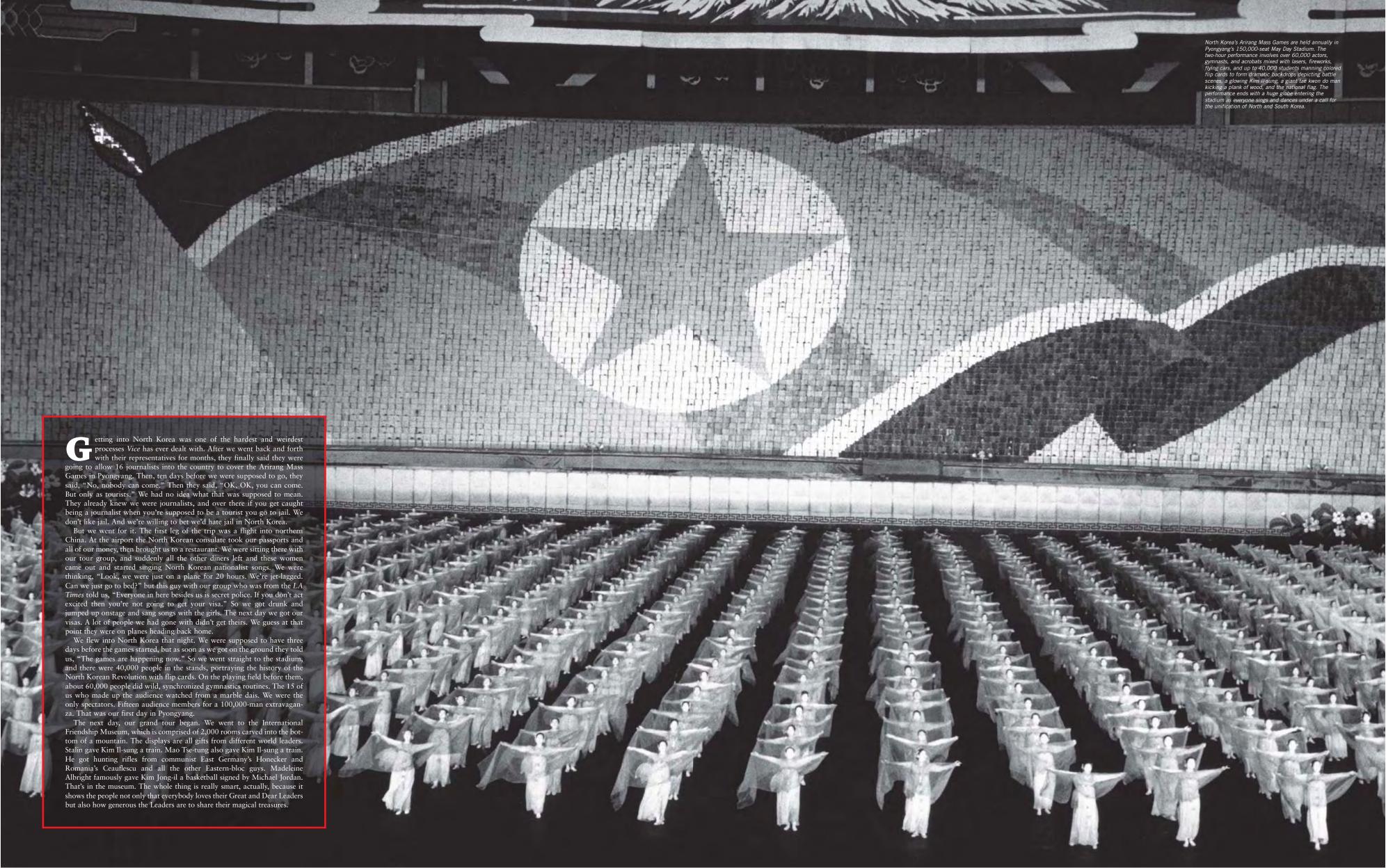
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This soldier showed us around the USS Pueblo, which is one of the primary attractions in North Korea. All visitors are made to watch a video showing how in 1968, North Korean waters were invaded by imperialist US forces sent to spy on their great land. Local tour guides nod and smile as they tell how the North Korean Navy triumphantly battled the international spies, who were taken prisoner and quickly admitted their mistake.

In reality, the American surveillance ship was based off the east coast of Korea in international waters. On what was scheduled to be its final day of duty, the ship was attacked by North Korean naval vessels. One US sailor was killed, and the surviving 82 crewmembers were taken prisoner and placed in POW camps for 11 months where they were starved and beaten. The sailors were also forced to pose for propaganda photos released to the US. They would raise their middle fingers to the camera to signal their treatment, claiming it was a "Hawaiian good-luck sign." Nice!

Years later, it was rumored that the ship's capture was planned by the Soviet Union, which was looking for a cryptographic machine on board. As the Pueblo is the only captured US Navy ship still in commission, Kim Jong-il has specified that it be used to promote anti-Americanism

Perhaps the weirdest thing about North Koreans is that they genuinely don't seem to know that the rest of the planet hates and fears them. They believe (or maybe they really convincingly lie about believing) that the whole world admires and envies them and that they're the true light of socialism and *Juche*, which is their leader's philosophy of communist self-reliance. In fact, a lot of the gifts in the museum say things like "From the Center of Juche Ideals in Santiago, Chile," or Mozambique. The Juche Center of Mozambique? We find it a little hard to believe that there are Juche schools in southeastern Africa.

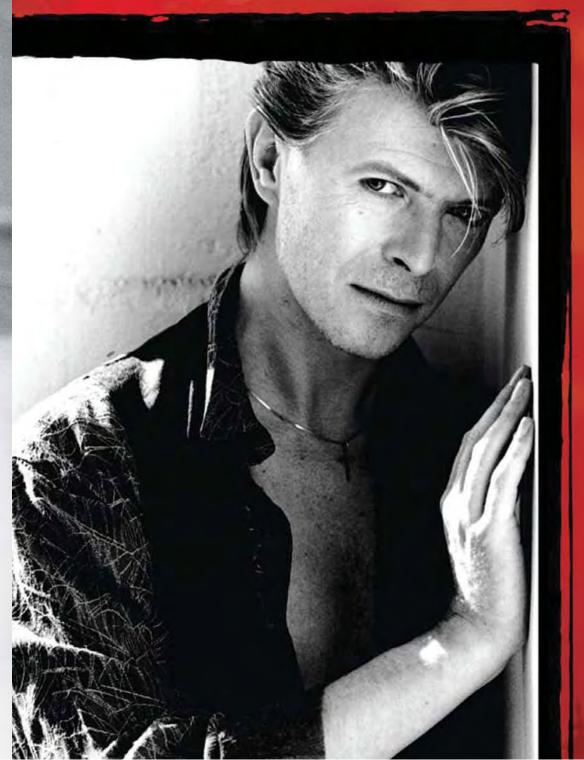
At the end of the museum tour, you must put on a tie before entering the final room, where you are permitted to view a wax sculpture the Chinese made of the Great Leader Kim Il-sung. You have to bow to the statue and speak in a whisper. After us, these Korean women came out of the statue room bawling their eyes out. They'd met their Great Leader. We were like, "Come on, it's a wax statue." But to them, it's almost like they've really met him. They save up money their whole life to come to the museum done up in all their finery, tiptoe up to this statue, and cry their eyes out. And it's really kind of a shitty statue too. One of the guys we were with said it looked like an old 1950s ad for hemorrhoid cream or something. He was right. It was sub-Madame Tussaud's quality. (Oh, and they had a wind machine blowing its hair, like it was basking in a gentle breeze. We are not kidding.) VICE STAFF

See more of our trip to North Korea on the upcoming VBS.tv series.



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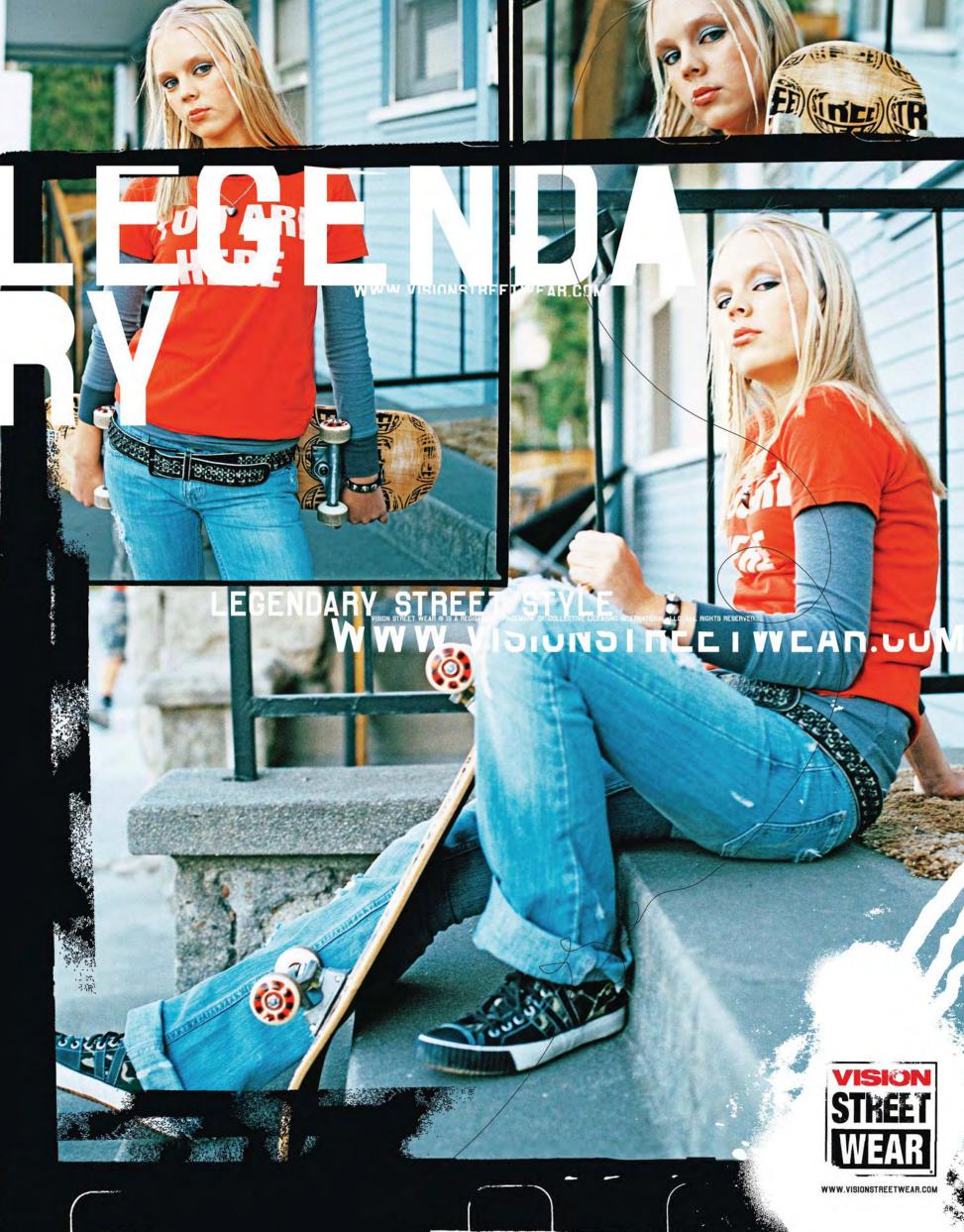
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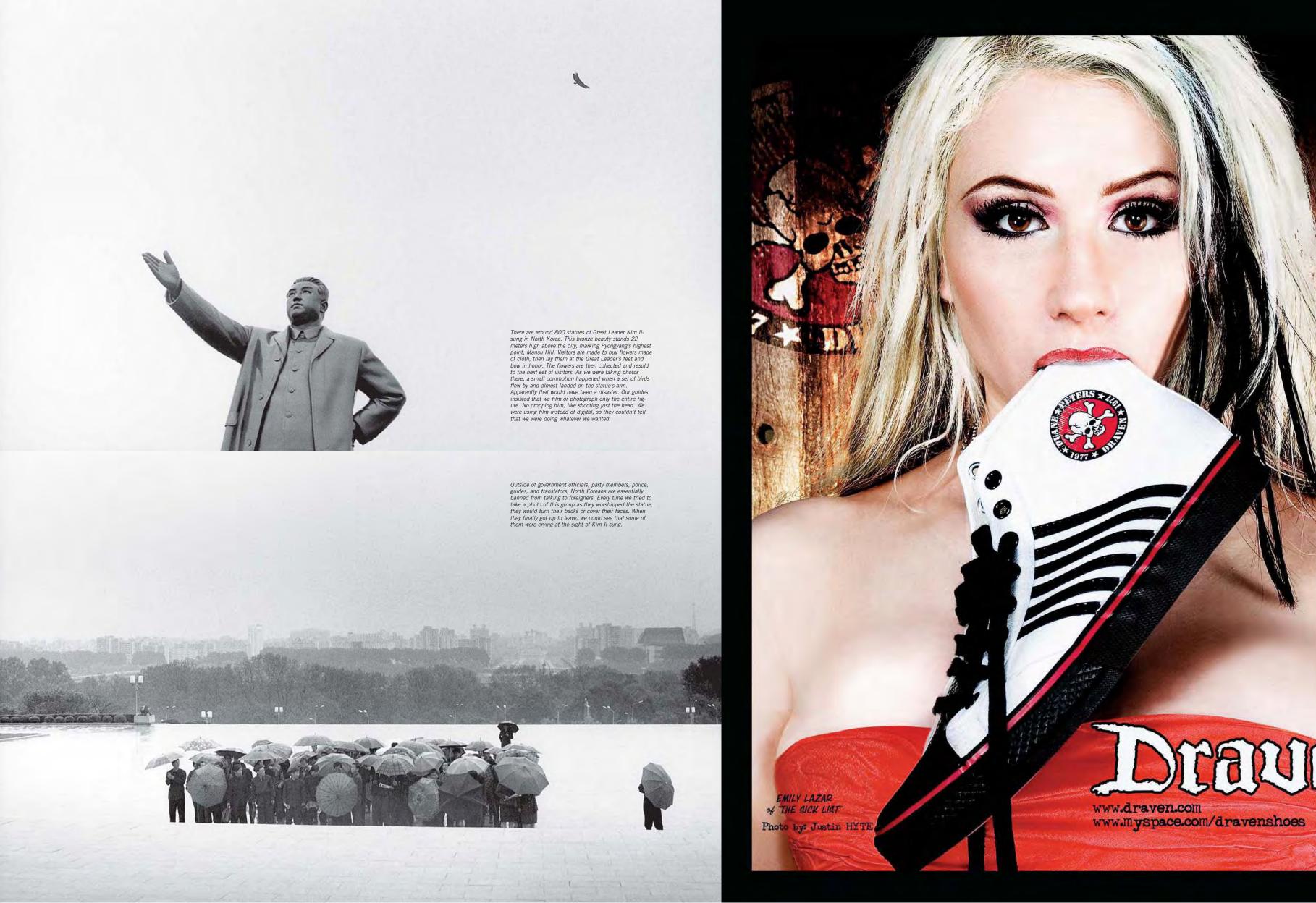














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Two girls chatting over lunch at Kabul Orphanage, one of the capital city's many, many orphanages full of orphans.



These guys are hanging out around their bedroom space heater in the morning. The majority of the kids in this orphanage is Hazara, an ethnic minority from the mountains in the middle of the country. Due to the continual fighting in their region (mostly being carried out by ethnic Pashtuns and foreigners like us), a large portion of the Hazara population has migrated to neighboring Pakistan.



The girl on the right just bashed her forehead trying to pump out some water. This orphanage is privately run, and about a million times better than the Oliver Twist-esque government orphanages, where there are routine reports of spoiled food and massive overcrowding. Still, once they're expelled for being too old they enter the same job market as their peers, which is dominated by three options: drugs, human trafficking, and becoming a mujahid.

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lifetime collective

Featuring The Album Leaf's Jimmy Lavelle Wearing The Pacific Theme Fleece Crew





The early 80s were an amazing time to be a photojournalist in the UK. British society felt like it was literally coming apart at the seams as the country began facing the end of major industrial employment and finally coming to terms with the loss of its empire. Working-class communities that had enjoyed relative prosperity in the 70s were now dying, and the result was alienation and mass violence. It was also an era in which one could work virtually unhindered as a photographer on Britain's inner-city streets—people were eager to have their struggles made known and were far less suspicious of outsiders' intentions than they are now. These days, unless you grew up in the area, you basically need an on-the-ground fixer like in a war zone to enter the sketchier parts of town.

There is also the challenge of figuring out how to represent fights that it has become increasingly clear there is no hope of either side winning without resorting to juvenile nihilism or frustration. It's still possible to meet these challenges, but it takes dedication, time, and money, a lot of which isn't exactly forthcoming in today's climate of "lifestyle editorial" photography.

In July 1981, Liverpool police arrested Leroy Cooper in front of a large crowd in the poor, black Toxteth neighborhood. The arrest, carried out with the force's then-customary casual brutality, served as a flash point for pent-up rage at police harassment in the community, leading to days of violent clashes with the coppers that drew in youth from all around the region and triggered riots in other British cities. The night this photo was

riots in other British cities.
The night this photo was taken, hundreds of officers were driven back down Granby Street toward the city center by rioters throwing stones and petrol bombs. The police eventually managed to quell the violence, but not before pissing off a lot more people by firing tear-gas "ferret rounds" directly into the crowd.

This showdown at the Orgreave Coking Works near Sheffield turned out to be a pivotal moment in the 1984-85 miners' strike. After the police prevented the picketers from closing the plant, it was a long, slow trudge to defeat. There were still several bloody battles to be had, but the miners' failure to muster support from other workers at the Battle of Orgreave left them isolated and dejected. Despite the large amount of money collected for the strikers, the Thatcher government's tactics, which involved preemptively stockpiling coal and deploying strike-breakers on mass pickets, prevailed and brought an end to an era of strong trade unions.



Margaret Thatcher touring a doll factory in Glasgow during the 1987 election campaign. Thatcher went on to win her third consecutive term in office, cementing her victory over the National Union of Mineworkers two years earlier.





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After Brixton police mistakenly shot Cherry Groce, the mother of a man for whom they were searching, a second round of race riots erupted, fueled largely by the continued harassment of blacks and failure of the government to address the social grievances that caused the 1981 riot.



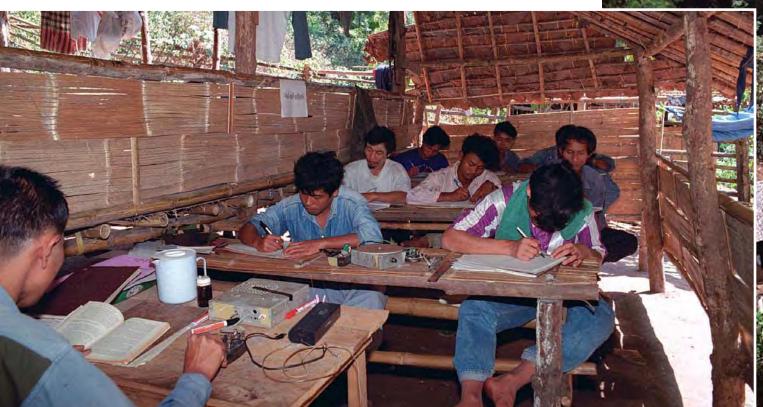
Police horses were used extensively during the miners' strike to corral and break mass pickets. Scenes like this one in Brodsworth near Doncaster in the fall of 1984 looked more like medieval battles than contemporary political skirmishes. **92** | VICE

A young boy playing near the busted-out window of a council estate in Manchester. Over the course of Thatcher's time in office, the contrast in living conditions between the increasingly wealthy upper and middle classes and the inner-city poor grew starker and starker year by year. (PS: Check out the Burberry.)

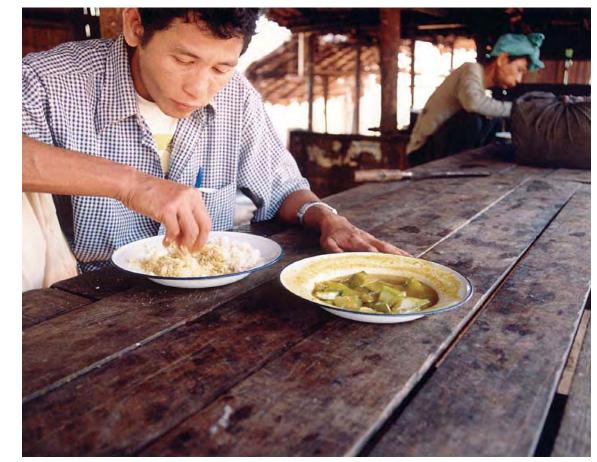


THE STUDENT ARMY OF BURMA

A few years ago I lived in one of the ABSDF's seven military camps along the Thai/Indo nesian/Chinese border. The All Burma Students' Democratic Front are a student army fighting for democracy in their home nation. They formed in November of 1988 after the nationwide 8888 (Aug. 8, 1988) democratic uprisings to end the one-party leadership of Burma that resulted in a bloody coup and the death of over 3,000 people across the country.



ABSDF soldiers take Morse-code class every day. The instructor taps out messages and the guys write them down. Sometimes soldiers will be at a post listening for months to the just and will need to relevit to the just and will need to relevit to the just and will need to relevit to the just and the guys write them down. Sometimes soldiers will be at a post listening



For food we boiled the papaya leaves and vines that grew wild around the camp. The rice was chicken grade, with small rocks and rodent shit in it. When I first got there I thought it was fucking gross, but after a month I just picked it out. We ate that almost every single day.



How this sweet Iron Maiden shirt got to the jungles of Burma is



This is the ABSDF war office, where training operations and planning are carried out. The actual location of the camp is a secret. All I can tell you is that it was a bitch to get to. Have you ever climbed up a waterfall? I

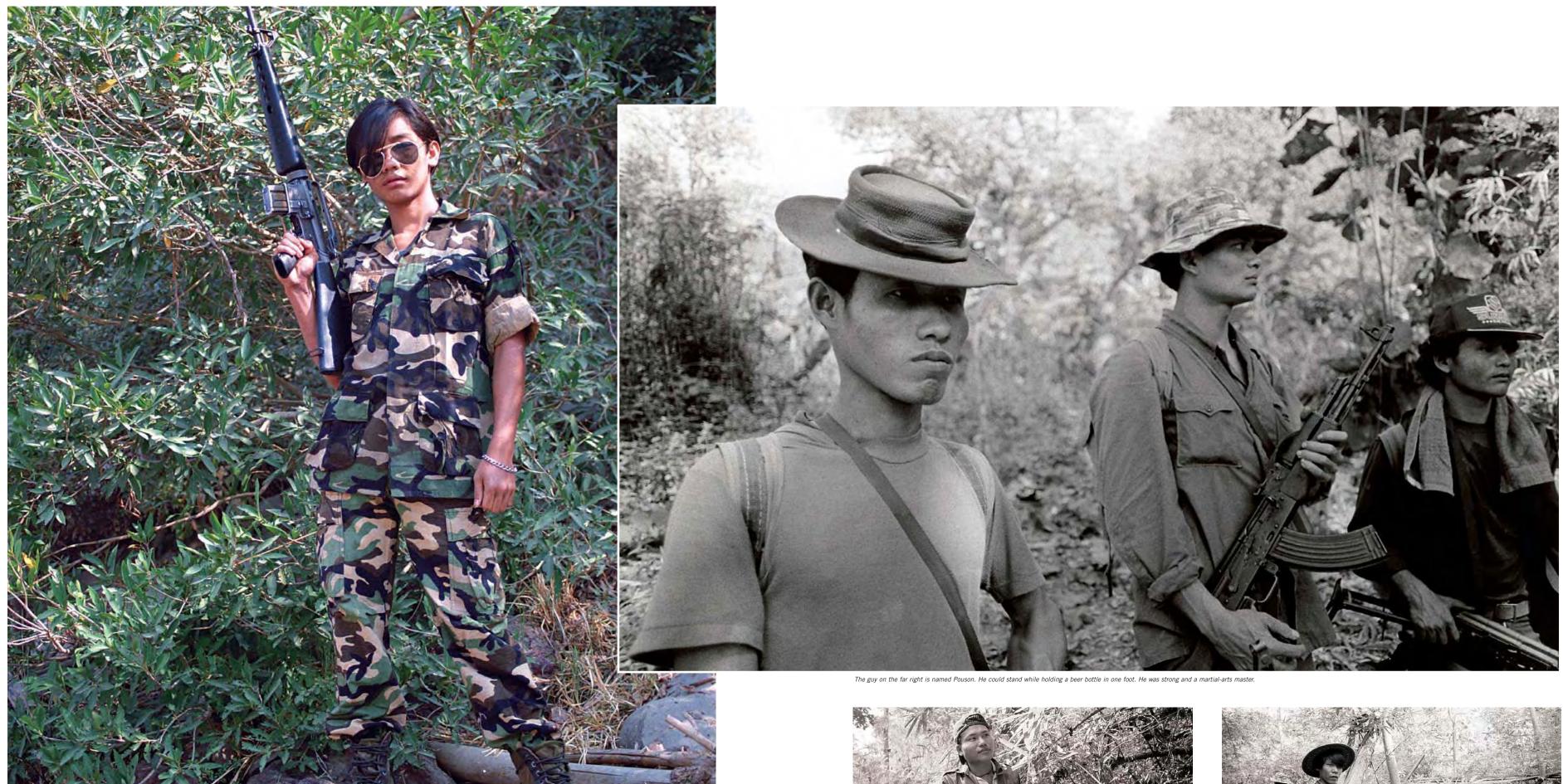


Aung Than Lay was a hilarious prankster but an obedient soldier. He was one of the commander's right-hand men. He was 23. I put up the sign but I'm pretty sure it was his idea that it should go on his barrack.

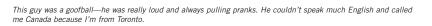


It's morning and the soldiers are preparing to head out. The wire thing is rigged to an explosive. Their patrol groups are small and they can't guard everywhere so they lay these around villages when they stop to rest and treat the ill.

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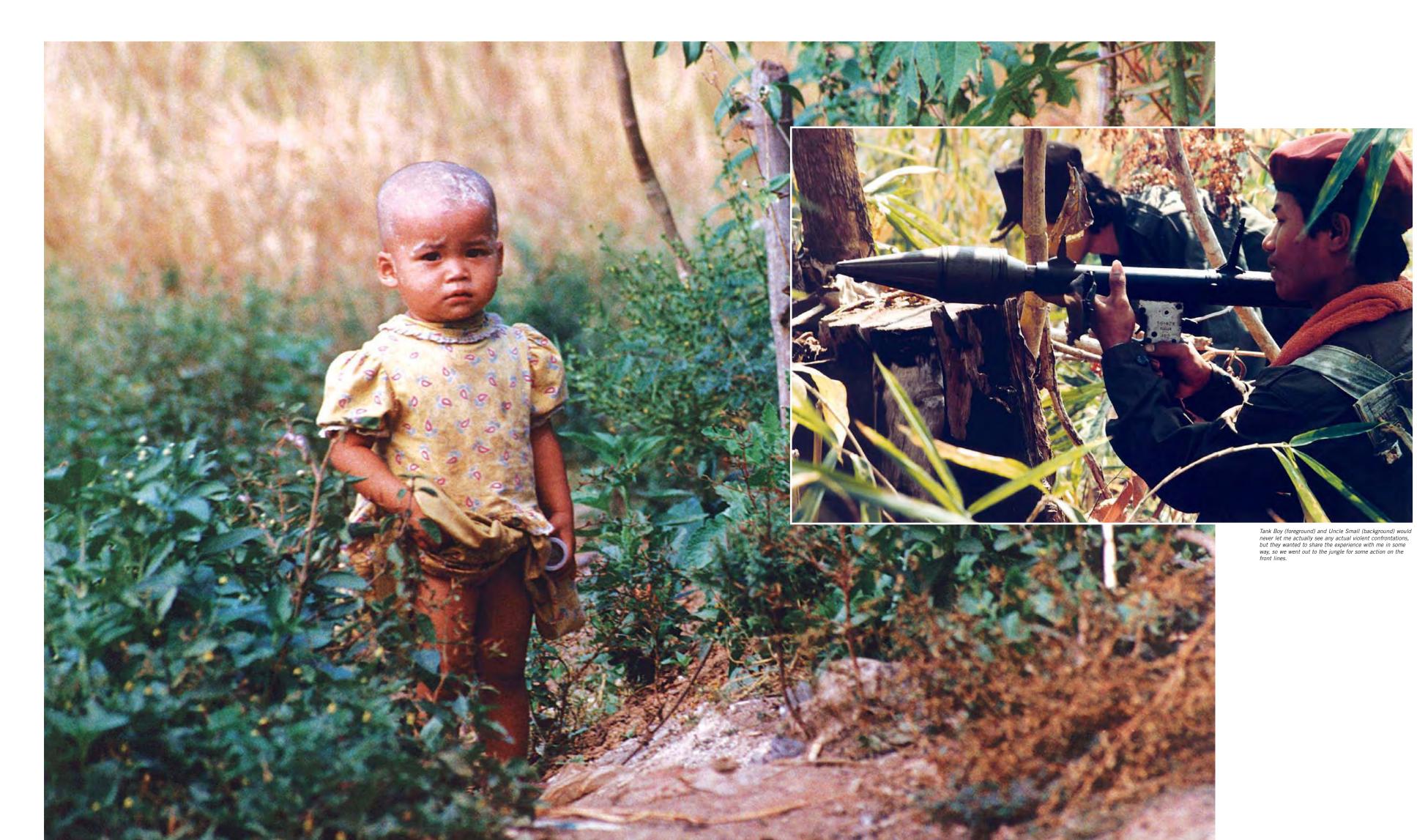




A scarf is your best friend in the heat. You use it as a sweat rag or head wrap.

Tuay Aun couldn't wait to go to the front lines. His oldest brother and father were dead, and his mother lived in a Thai refugee camp, where most of the kids ended up fucking and making babies. Bad scene.

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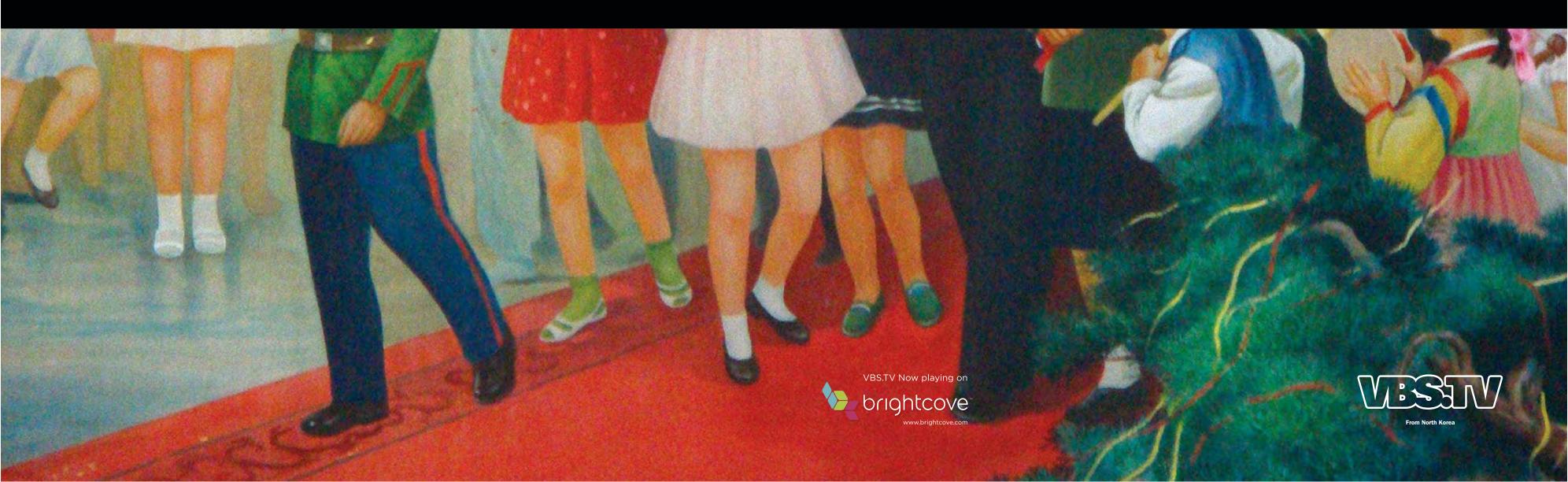
I caught dengue fever and had to leave for a few weeks before they would let me back into the camps. I went to Mae Sot and volunteered and bummed around the refugee camps. The youngest children in the camps were shy, but they quickly learn how to smile and be coy with foreigners, because we usually have candy and pencils.

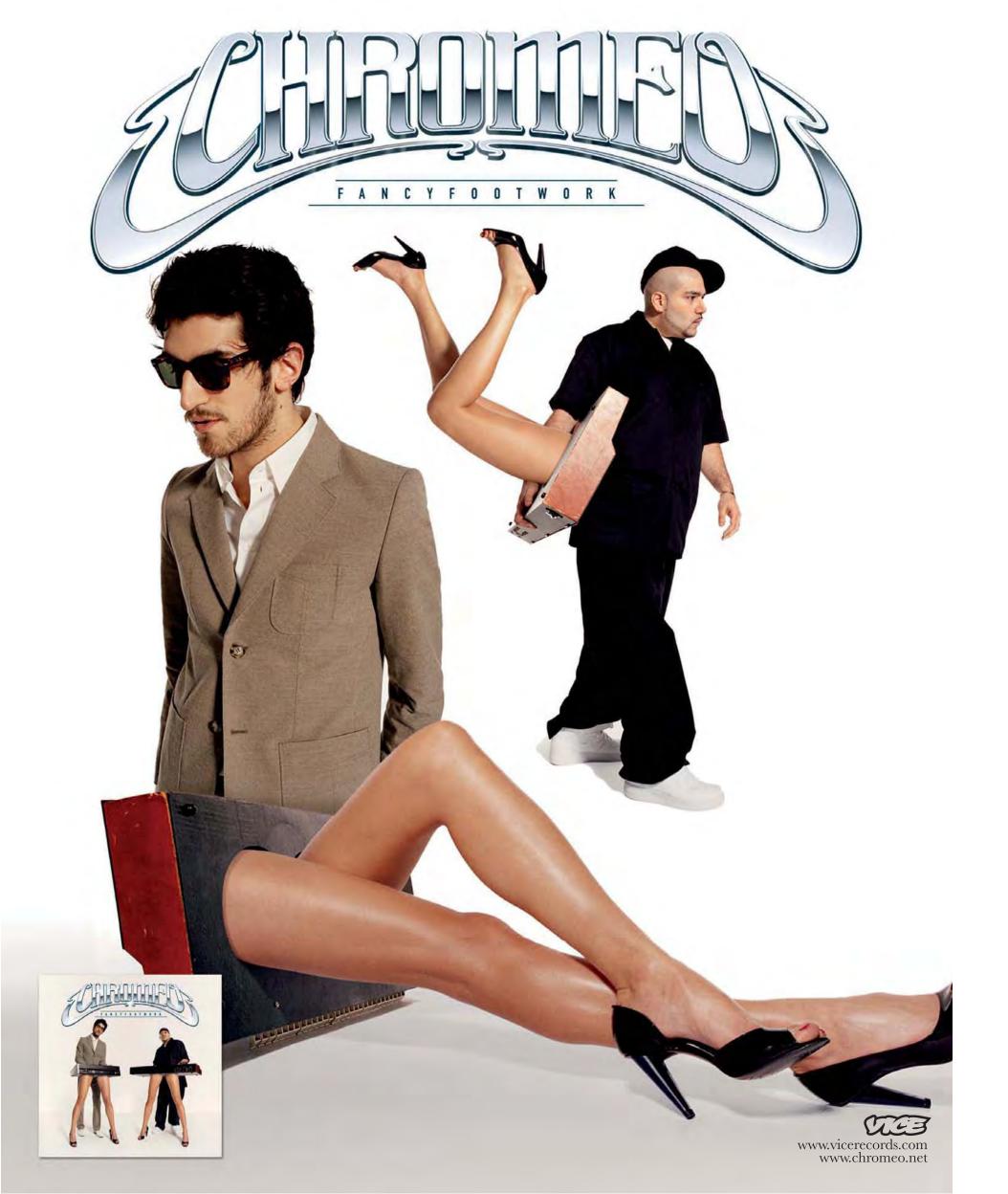
100 | VICE | 101

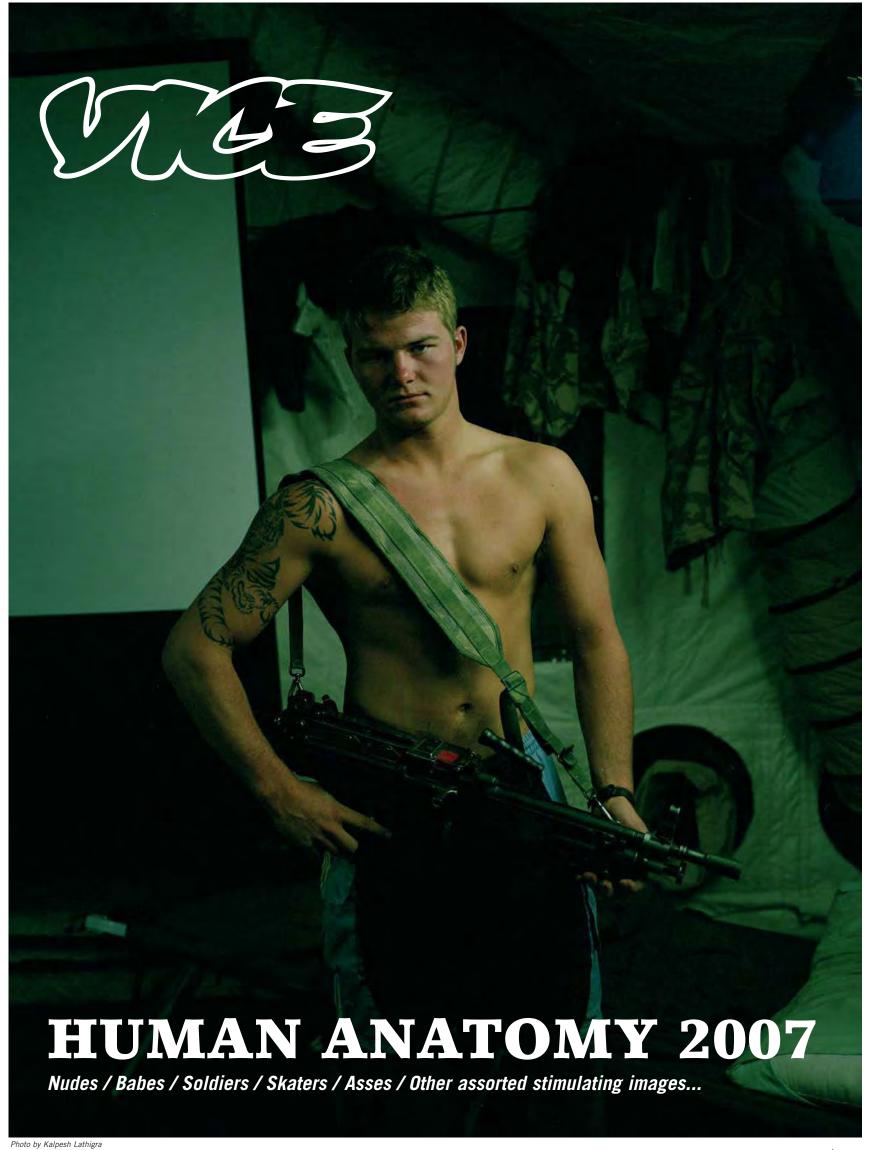


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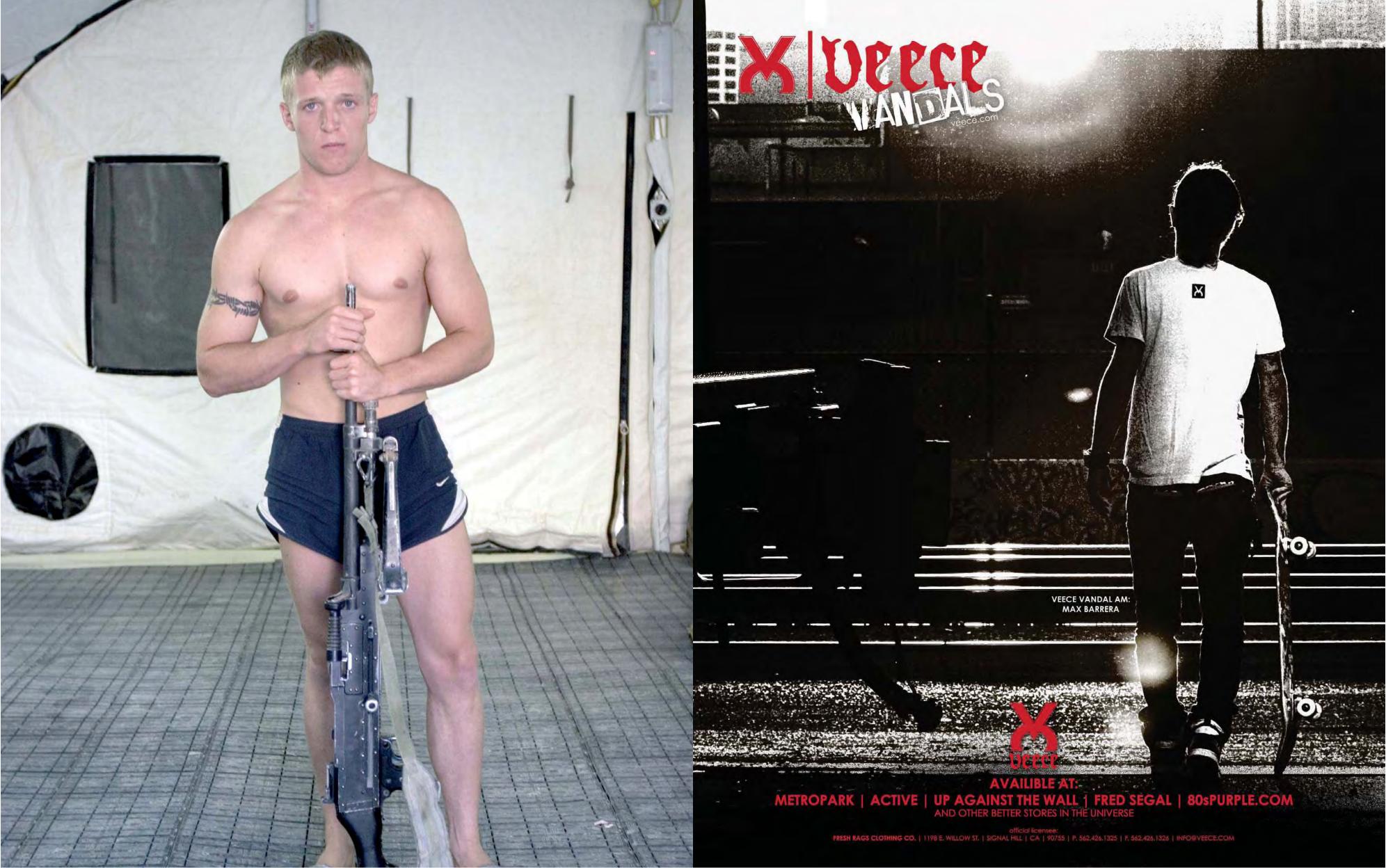














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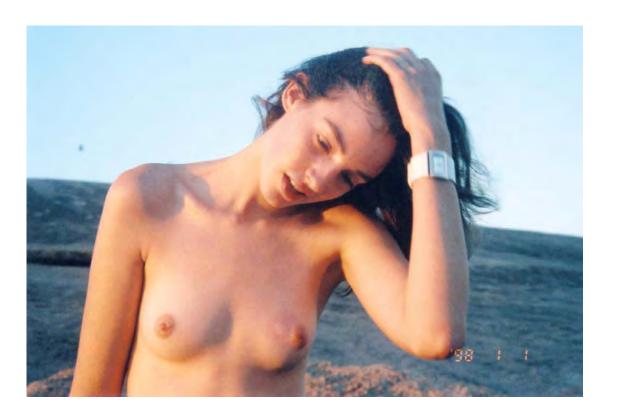
JONATHAN BLACK



On February 3, 2006, two weeks after Laura and I got married at City Hall, she got into a terrible bike accident. She doesn't remember what happened and there were no witnesses. They found her lying two blocks away from the restaurant she worked at. She had flown forward straight onto her face without putting her hands out to break her fall. We have no idea what caused it.

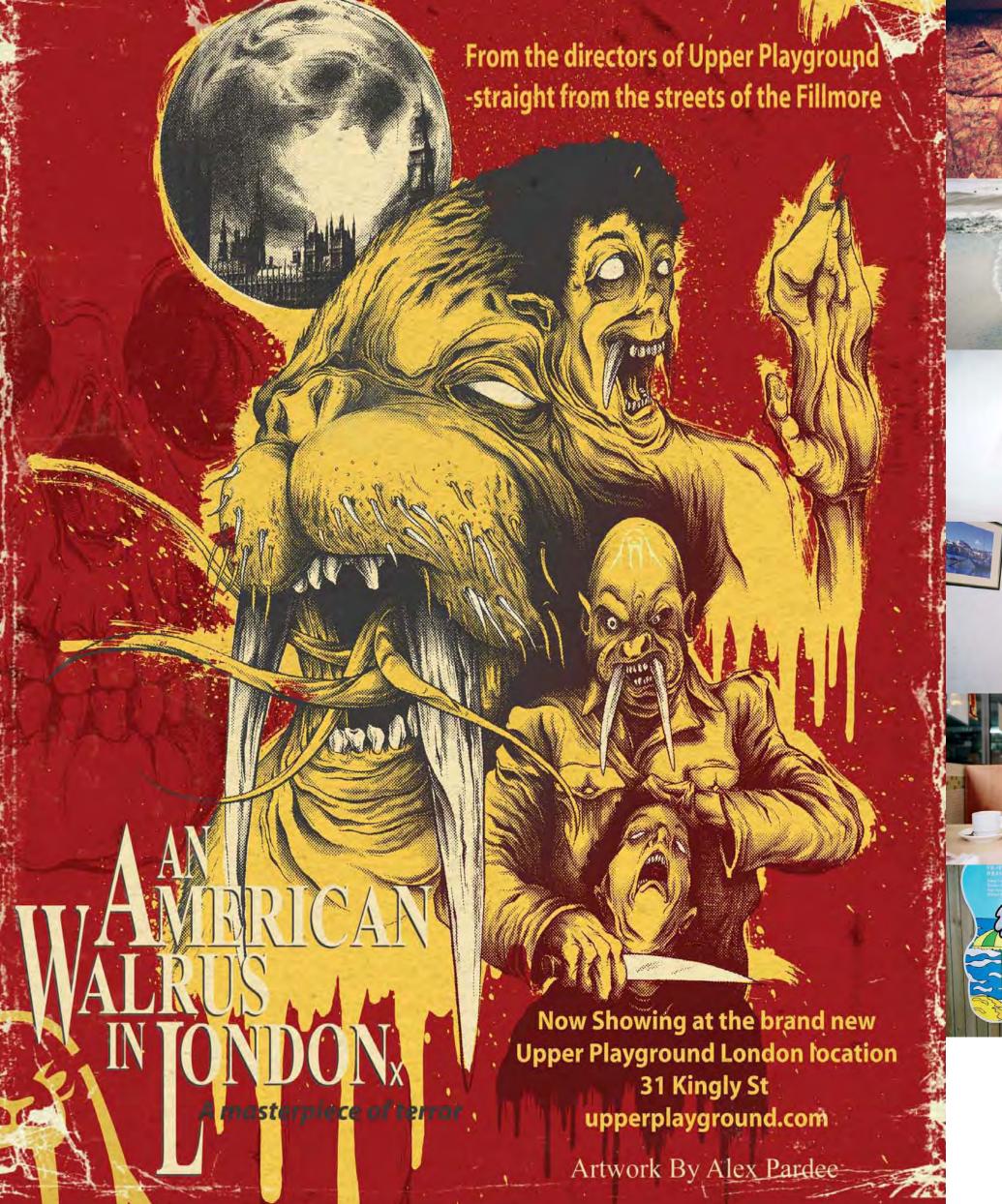
Below: This was the most harrowing sight of my life. Not only because of how she looked, but because she was delirious and vomiting blood. The doctors were talking about potential brain damage or a broken C1 vertebra (the same bone Christopher Reeve broke). It was terrifying. Luckily, it ended up just being a broken nose and cheekbone and lots of bruising. Also, her front tooth was knocked out, which is actually what saved her from more serious injury to her neck or brain because it took all the weight of the fall. It was a miracle tooth.

Right: Laura bounced back surprisingly fast after such a traumatizing accident. I think she recovered better than I did. I still suffer from the worst anxiety when we ride our bikes together. This photo was taken seven months later outside Austin, Texas. That date-stamp is wrong. I was shooting with a little camera I bought at a flea market, and the date was stuck in 1998. In 1998 Laura would have been 12, which would make me a considerable pervert.





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PHOTOS RY MADI III AND PATRICK TSAI

MY LITTLE DEAD DICK





WOW picture this: WWW.DIGTALGRAVEL.COM AND INDEPENDENTLY OWNED AND OPERATED SINCE 1999.

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My Little Dead Dick is the visual diary of photographers Madi Ju of China and Patrick Tsai (aka Pat Pat) of the USA. They got together on July 17, 2006, when they both traveled to Macau in order to meet face-to-face after a month of intense internet correspondence. After nine days, they went back to their own countries, quit their jobs, settled their accounts, and said goodbye to their friends and loved ones to pursue their dreams of a life spent together taking photos. This issue is coming out like right on their one-year anniversary, so we asked them for photos from their first nine days together to commemorate it. That's what you can see here in these photos. True love in bloom. It makes us feel not so cold and sad for a little while.





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JULY 19 - SALT LAKE CITY - BURT'S TIKI LOUNGE

JULY 21 - DENVER - SOILED DOVE

JULY 23 - OMAHA - THE WAITING ROOM

JULY 24 - MINNEAPOLIS - THE VARSITY THEATER

CAROLIN LESZCZINSKI



This is from many years ago. I always photographed this boy because he looked so great and he would do whatever I wanted. We went to school together in Amsterdam. Afterward I went to visit him in Pennsylvania and I stayed with him at his parents' house while they were away. We had a lot of fun. We're still friends, but I haven't seen him for years until now-he's coming to Berlin soon and I'm excited to see him.



LASTGANGRECORDS.COM VICE | **125**





The ballerina photo happened when I did a boring fashion shoot with the students of a strict and old-fashioned traditional ballet school in East Berlin. The whole time there was a teacher watching me so that I wouldn't take any pictures that the school would disagree with. As you can imagine, it was quite nerve-racking. When we finished the teacher disappeared for a second and that was when I got this photo. The girl was totally cool and loved it!

These other pictures are all of a friend of mine. The idea was that she would look like a Reeni (skinhead girl)—sexy but also awful in a way. The location is where there used to be an old abandoned Soviet army base. Directly next to it is a rundown but functioning horse-racing track. It all had a surreal old spooky socialistic atmosphere, which is what I liked about it.







All artists' proceeds benefit Childrens' Musical Education in St. Augustine, FL

A fun opportunity for two members of Rumah Sakit - Kenseth Thibideau (Howard Hello, Sleeping People, Pinback, Goblin Cock) & Mitch Cheney (Greenness, Sweep the Leg Johnny) to get together and create some new music with old and new friends. There are a total of 20 tracks featuring five tracks by Howard Hello, four tracks from Greenness and 11 tracks of collaborative material featuring current and ex-members of: Dilute, Okay, Rumah Sakit, Triclops!, Bottles & Skulls, Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, Abilene, Taking Pictures, Hurl, Species Being, Mass Shivers, Julius Airwave, A Bit Farther West, Bogus Pomp & Library Tapes. This 2xCDEPLP hits the shelves in July 2007.





Right: This is when we came out of a drugstore in Tirol, Austria, where everything was pink. Wyne and her sister bought fine-liner pens. It was an average day in the Alps—cows with bells on and butterflies and men named Michael who think skiing is better than snowboarding.

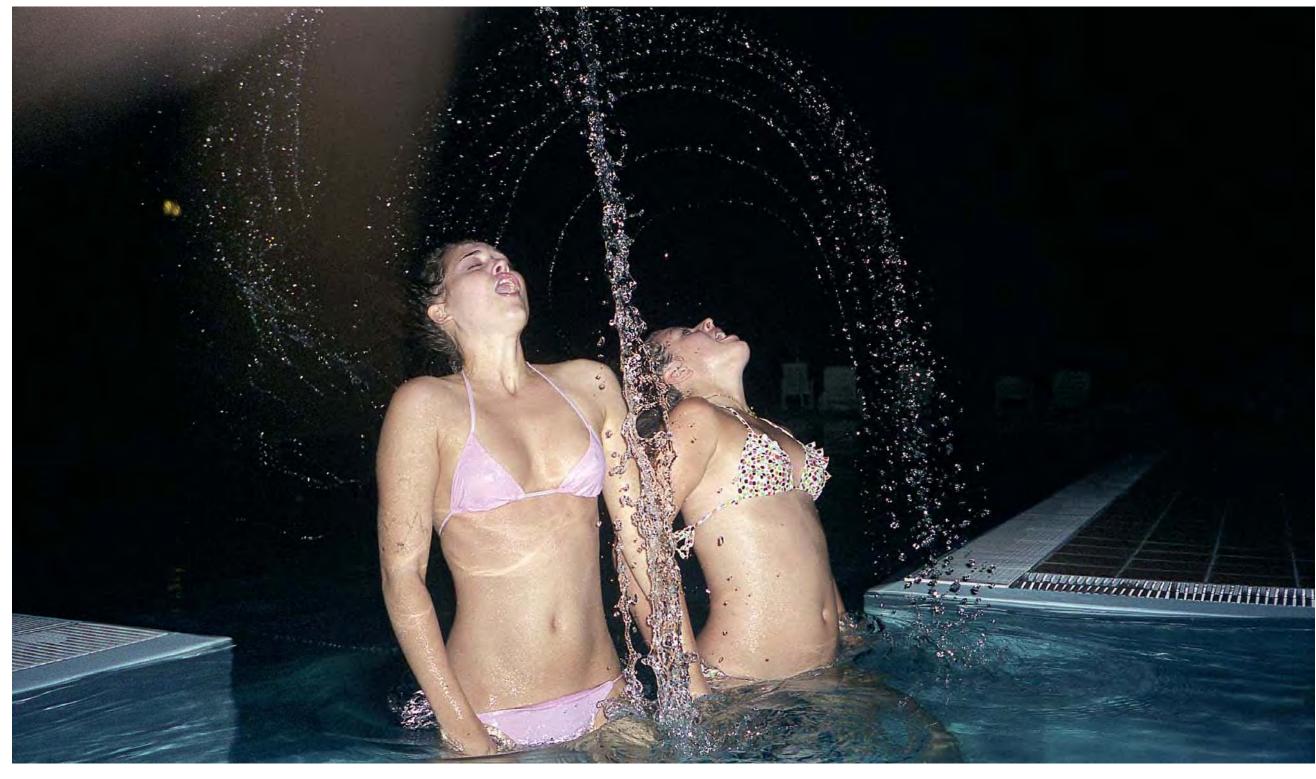


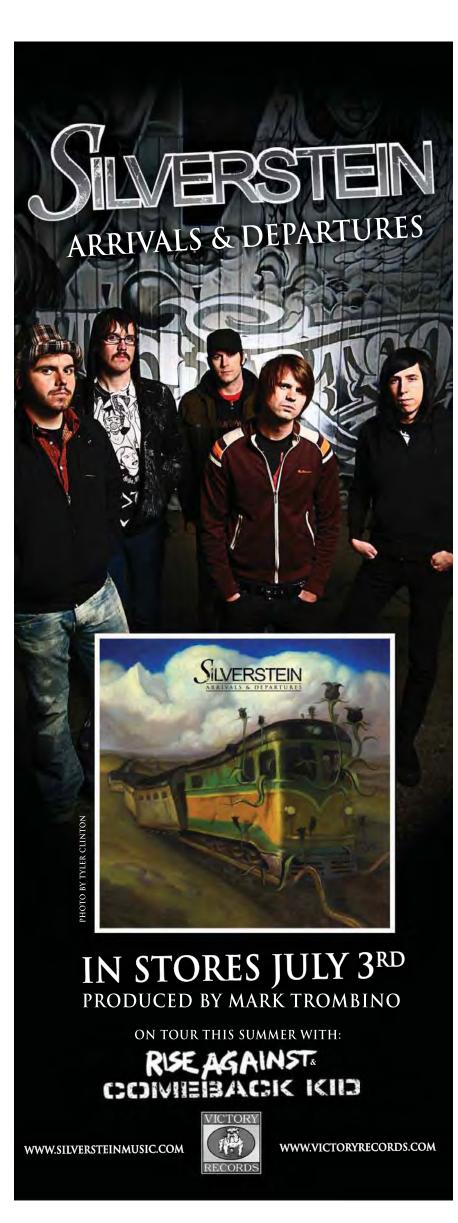


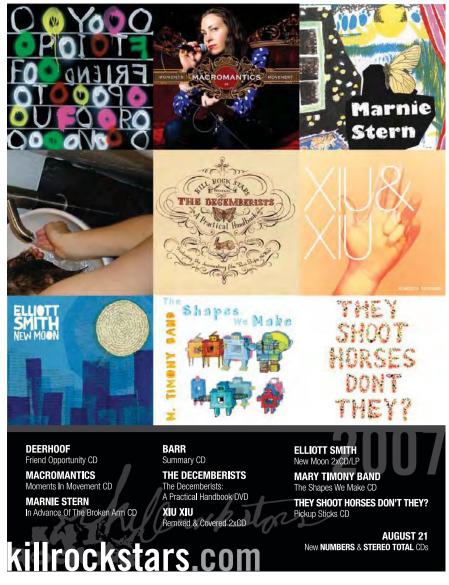
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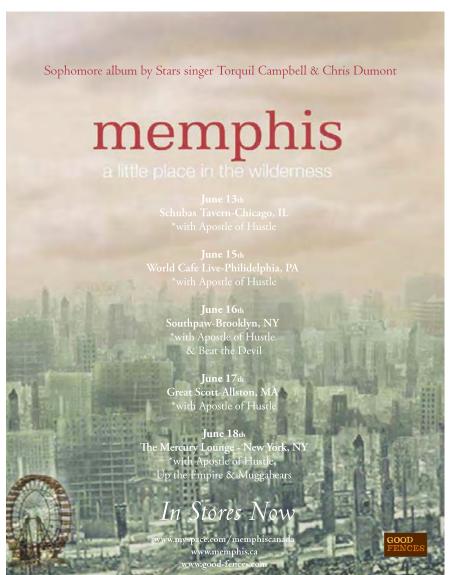
ISABELLA ROZENDAAL

Friendship is very important to me. These photos are all of my good friend Wyne Veen. Wyne was in most of my photos for a long time for obvious reasons: She was always around and she is quite pretty. She looks good with or without clothes. This is a very convenient friend to have when you're exploring photography and you're too shy or lazy to ask strangers to pose for you. She was there at every party and every vacation. She was there in Tuscany where I ordered her and my sister into the swimming pool in the middle of the freezing night, demanding they flip their hair back 50 times. She would order me right back, bossing me around, telling me how to take my picture. But she is the world's best still-life photographer, so she is allowed.









WILLA & SACHI NASATIR

This is Alexa. Last year we well to the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston for a summer high school program. I'm 16. We were just hanging out in the park that day and I took a photo of her wearing my sunglasses. My friend had stolen a bunch of Polaroid film for me so I was psyched. He liked stealing and he knew I was running out of maney for film.







Top Left: My sister Sachi took this photo. She's 18. We're both photographers. That's her best friend, Sofia. Sachi drew hearts in highlighter on her tan line. They're goofy.

Top Right: The girl flipping her hair reminds me of that Lovin' Spoonful song that goes "Hot town, summer in the city..." (I'm not sure if that's embarrassing or not.)

Bottom Left: This was in Venice Beach, California, on the

Bottom Left: This was in Venice Beach, California, on the Jewish High Holidays. My friend had a big empty house there. I felt bad because we were lying around doing nothing instead of going to temple.

Bottom Right: Sachi took this photo of her friend Clara on their last day of high school. I know she doesn't look that happy to be leaving but she was.





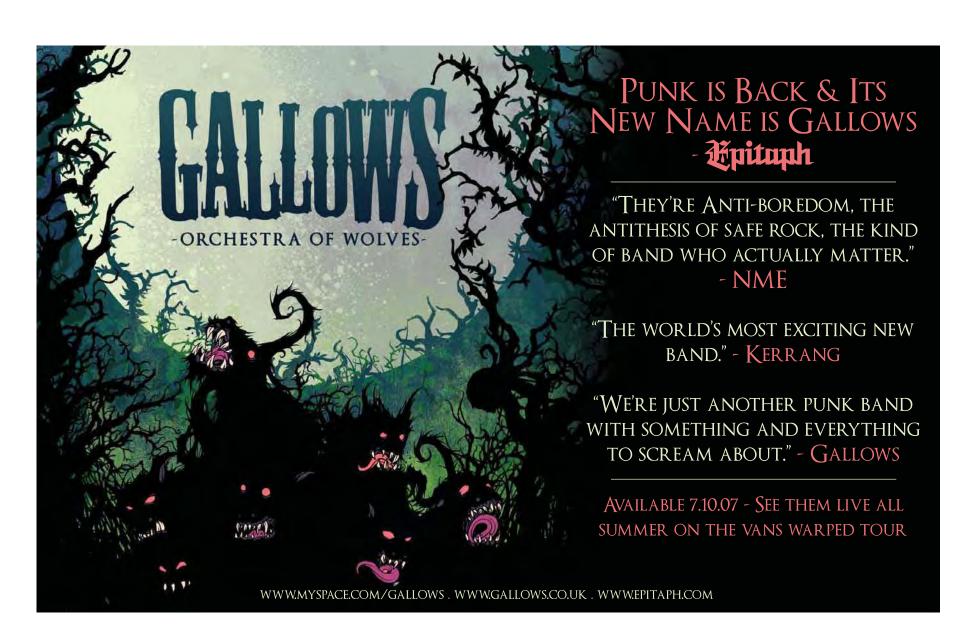




MATT GUNTHER



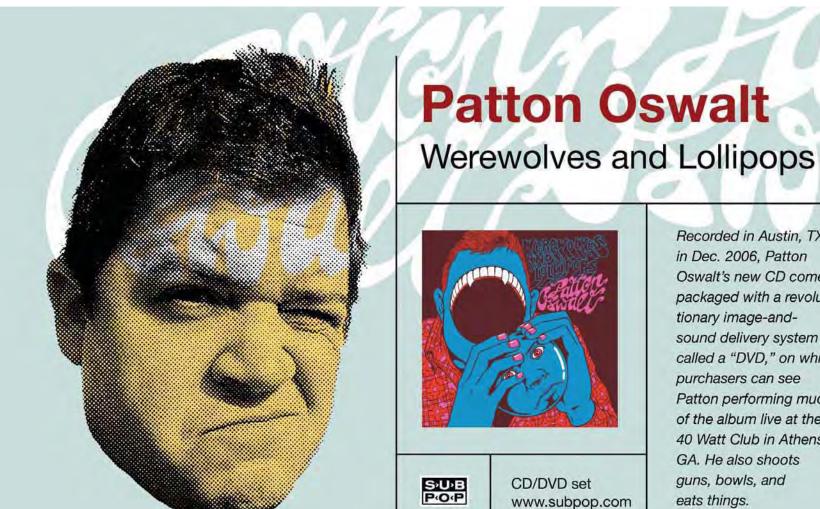
I cast this girl because I like that she takes her clothes off instantly, no qualms about



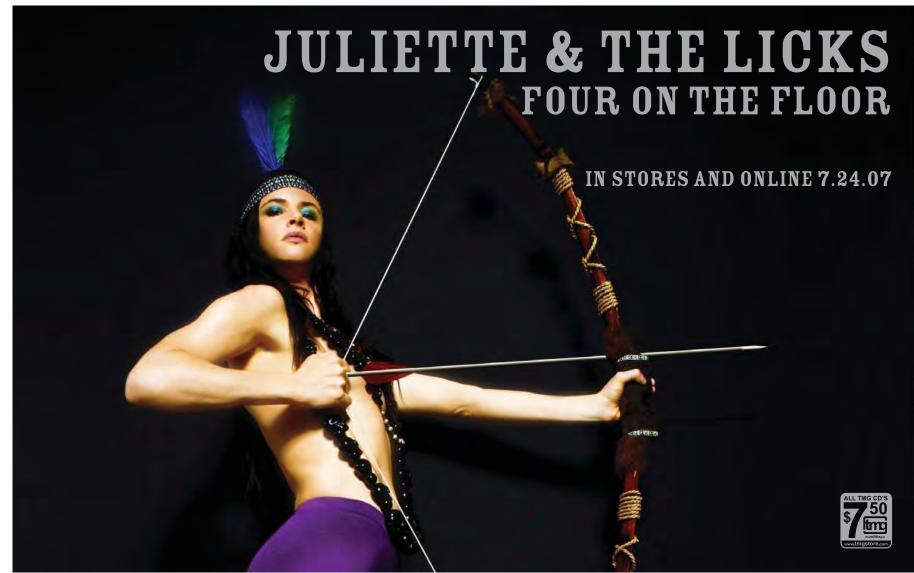




We were out in the country, in upstate New York, near the old country house my brother and I had. She's right near the Lake Taghkanic Diner. It was probably around 102 degrees that day. She was sipping on a vanilla milk shake and I asked to pull her shirt down.



Recorded in Austin, TX in Dec. 2006, Patton Oswalt's new CD comes packaged with a revolutionary image-andsound delivery system called a "DVD," on which purchasers can see Patton performing much of the album live at the 40 Watt Club in Athens, GA. He also shoots guns, bowls, and eats things.



RYAN FOERSTER I went to Melbourne last year for an art show. I didn't know many people there. I met Ana and Hanna and we became really good friends. This was at my pre-birthday-party party—just the three of us naked, having a sand-throwing contest. They let me stay on their couch for two weeks. We did E for ten days straight and danced a lot in their kitchen. It was amazing.





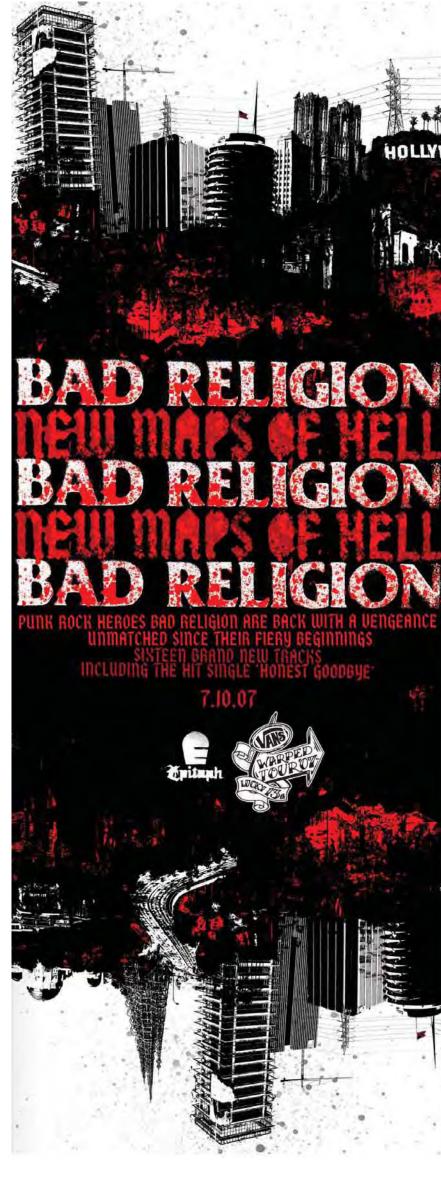
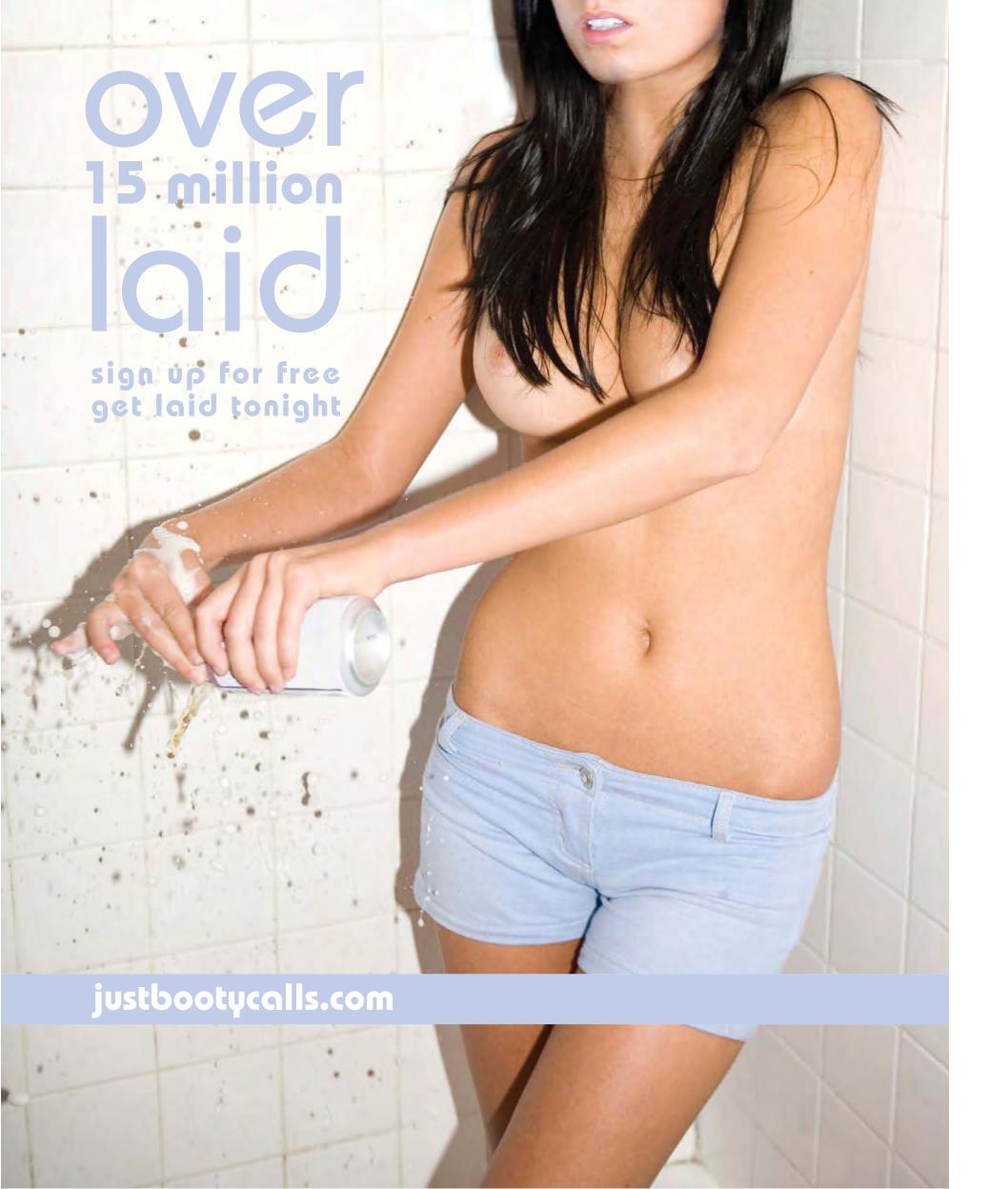




PHOTO BY

PAUL KIRALE

This photo was taken on the west coast of Ireland near a town where there are 10,000 people and 55 pubs. We were going for a bike ride on these mountain roads where all kinds of people get killed in car wrecks and not long after I took this photo we got caught in a huge storm and had to ride back in the dark.



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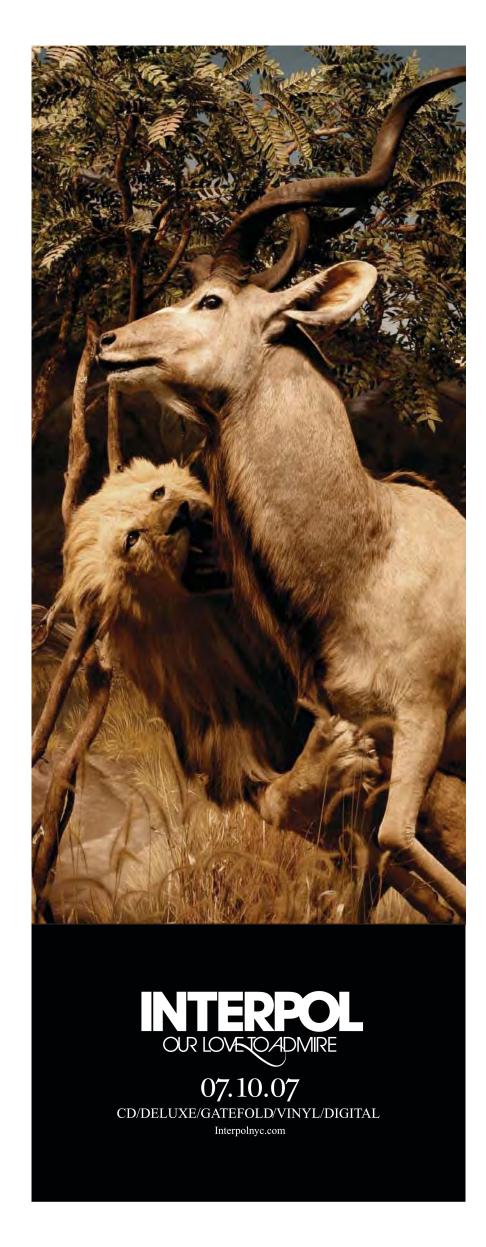


Tama by Richard Kern





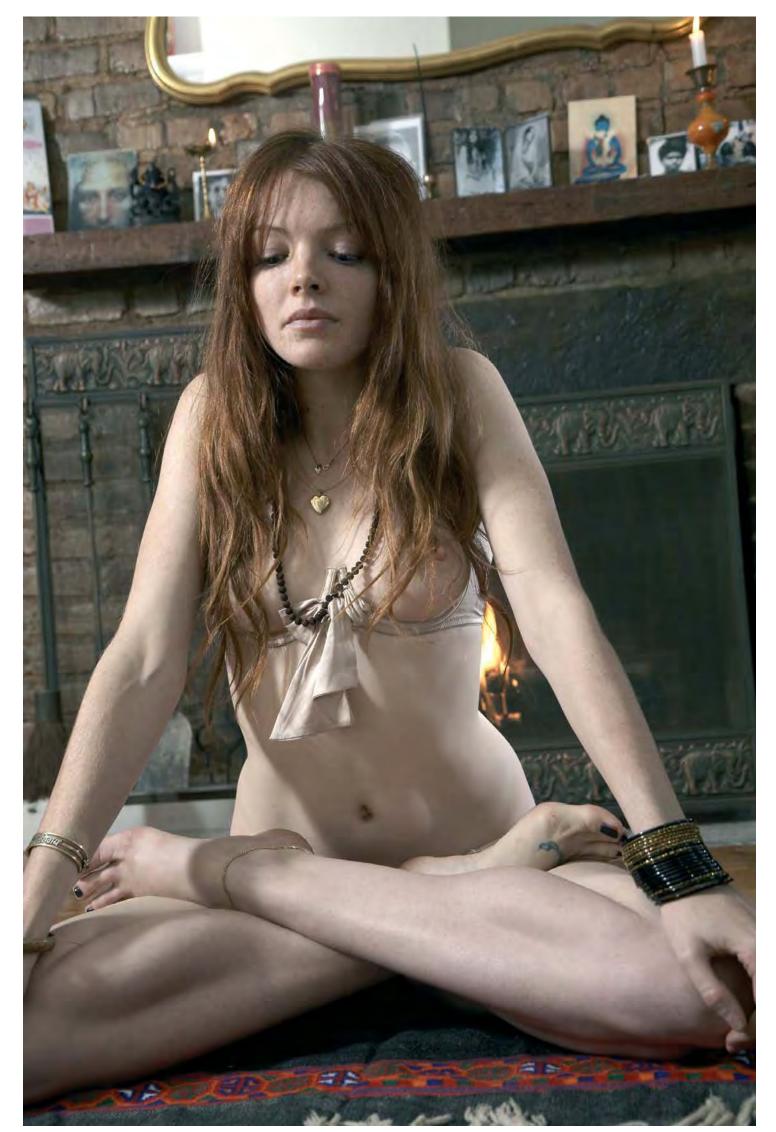
Sophie by Richard Kern



A BRAND NEW ALBUM OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC COMPOSED AND PERFORMED BY







Nicole by Richard Kern



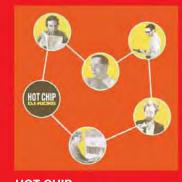
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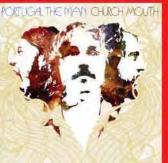
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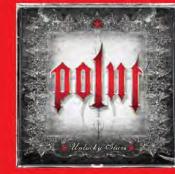
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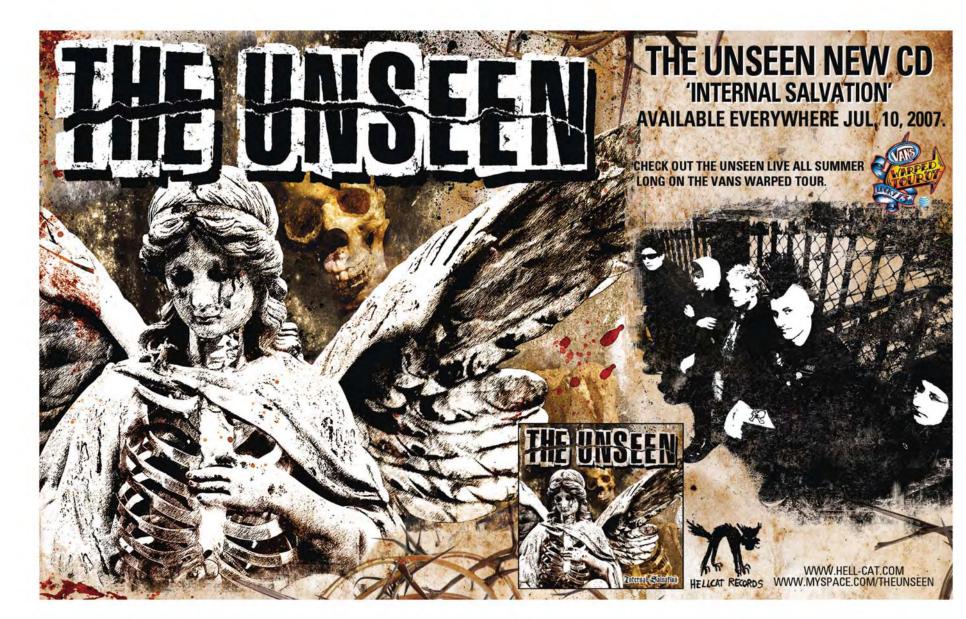


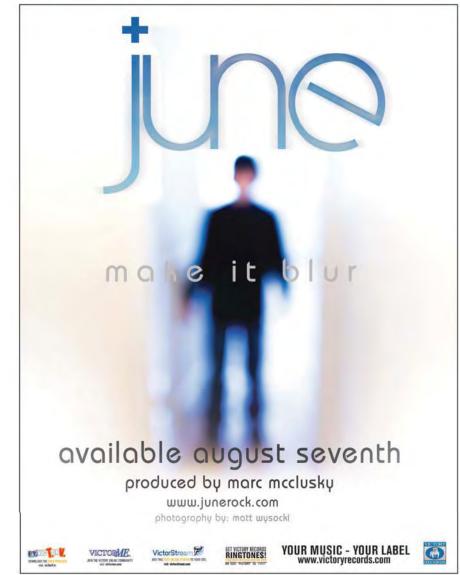
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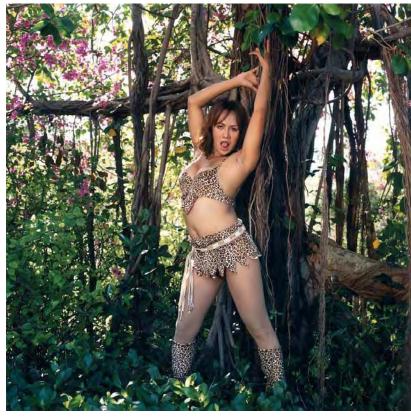


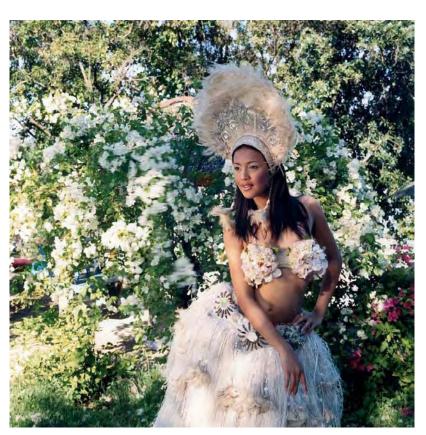
PHOTOS RY FEDERICA PAI MARIN

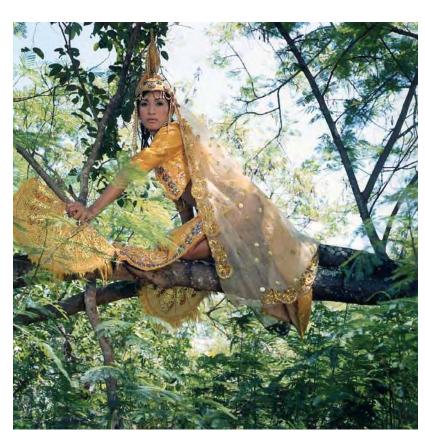
KAKAIBANG EBA

These lovely ladies from the Philippine island of Cebu are named Ping Ping, Booba, Paige, Nicksie, and Candy. They are performers in the "Amazing Philippine Show," a hugely popular theatrical variety revue full of all kinds of razzle-dazzle, including folk dances, lip sync numbers, comedy acts and really loud techno. Oh and Ping Ping, Booba, Paige, Nicksie, and Candy are also what is known as Kakaibang Eba, which in Tagalog means "another kind of Eve" and which in the universal language of Duh means "they are dudes."



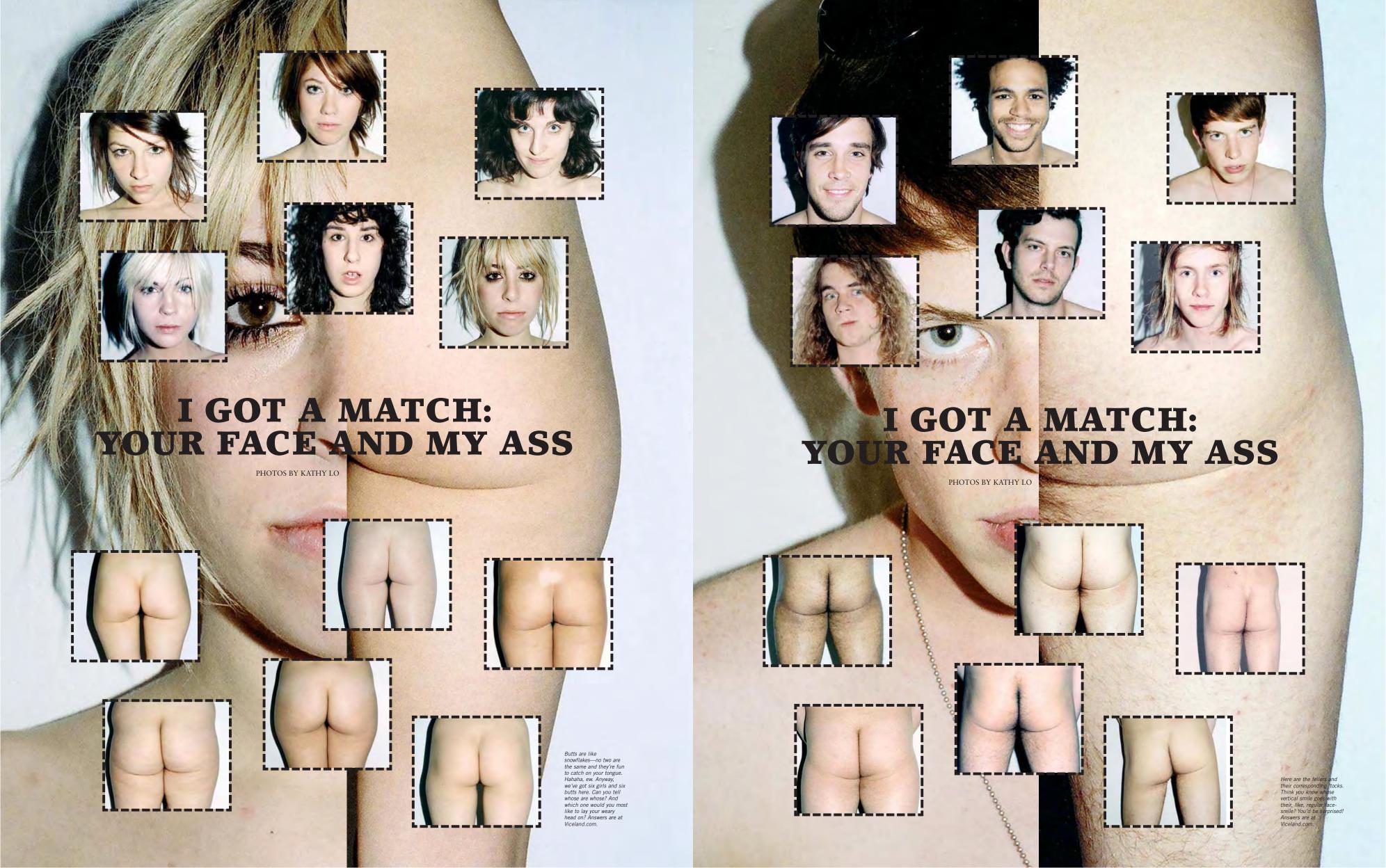




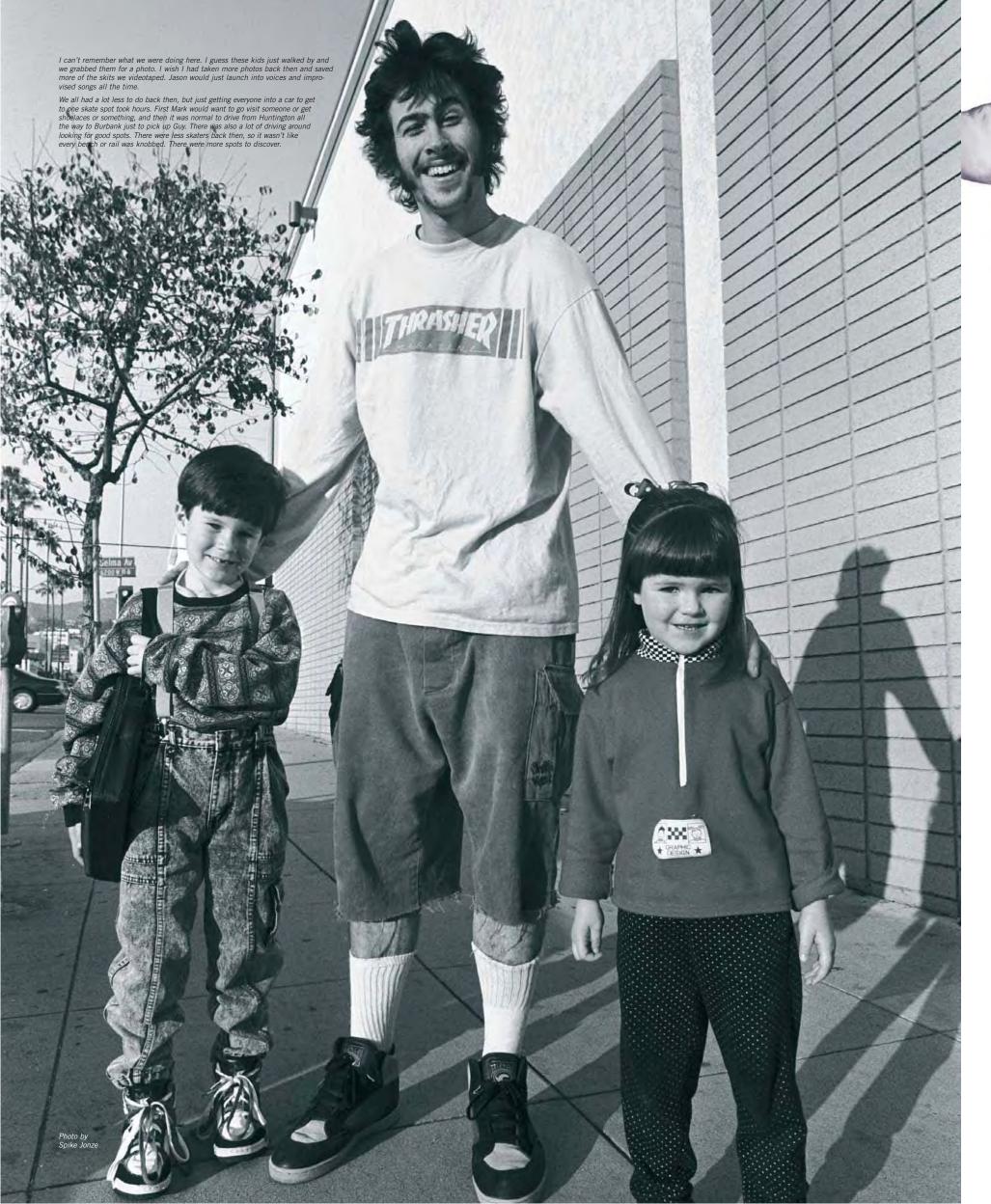


Although the Philippines is a country deeply rooted in Catholicism, Filipinos seem to have no problem with these flaming, flaming, flaming homosexuals. In fact they have a considerable amount of respect for their flashy ways. The Kakaibang Eba boys all live as women and are regarded as minor celebrities in Cebu. They perform twice daily to a full house, and the audience is a mix of tourists and local families with their children. They're sort of like the Filipino Spice Girls but, you know, with balls.

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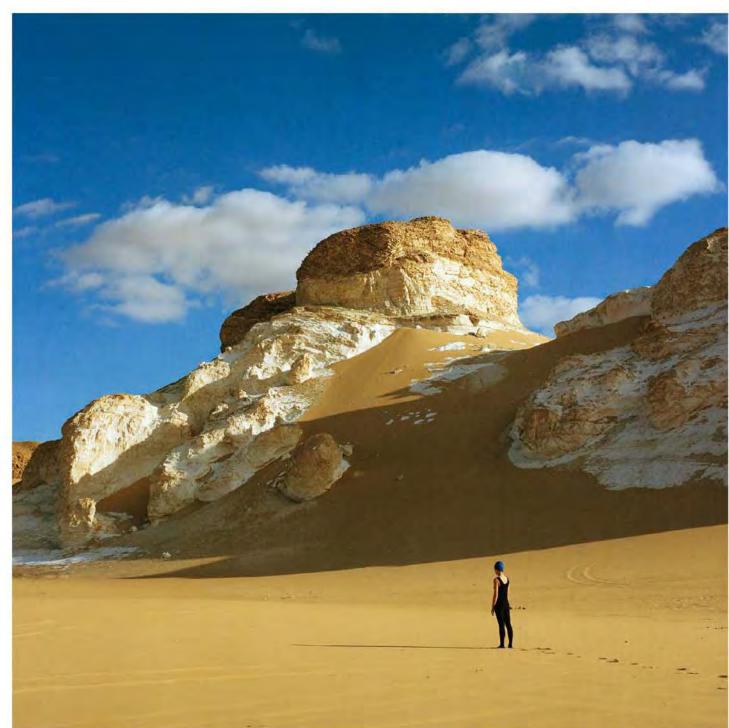






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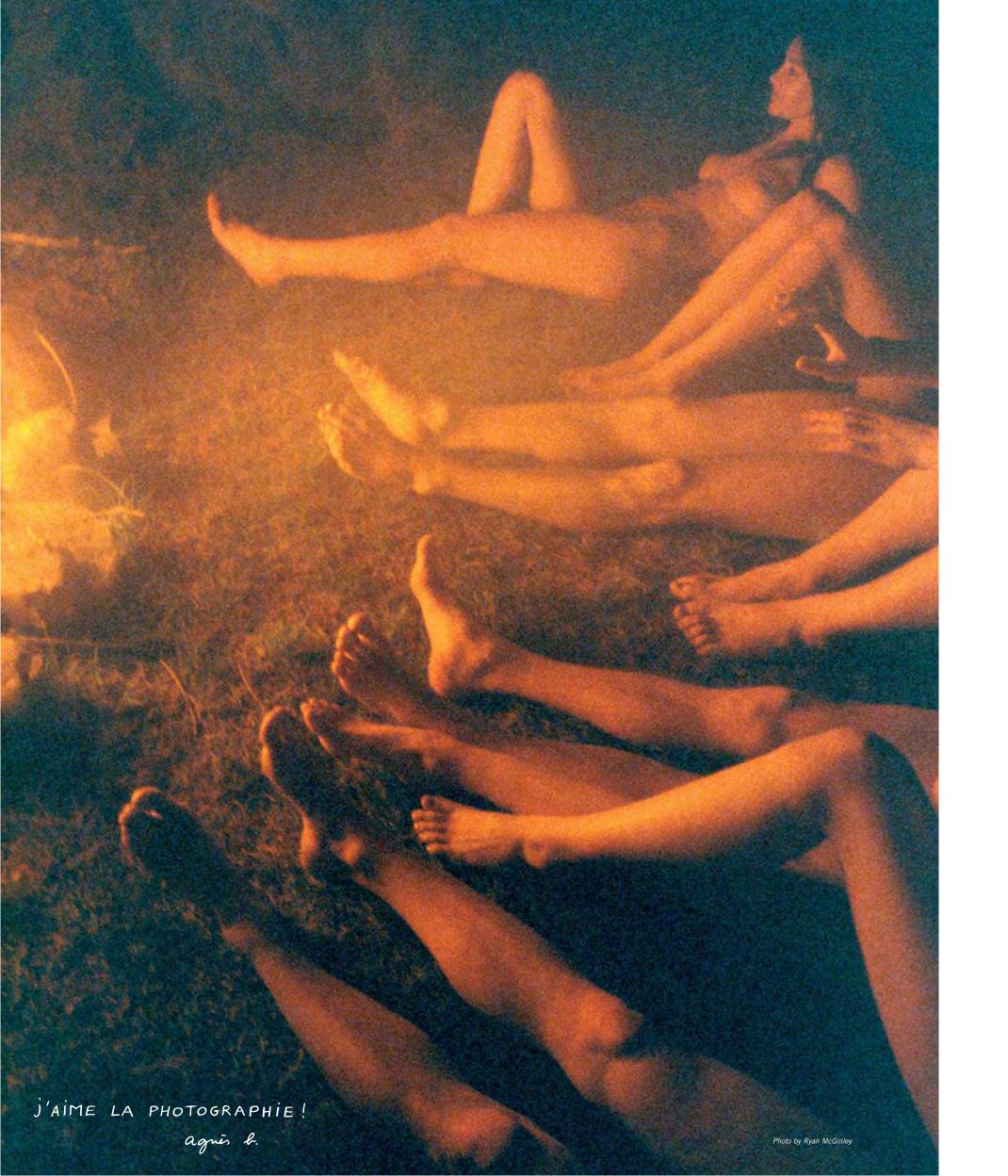
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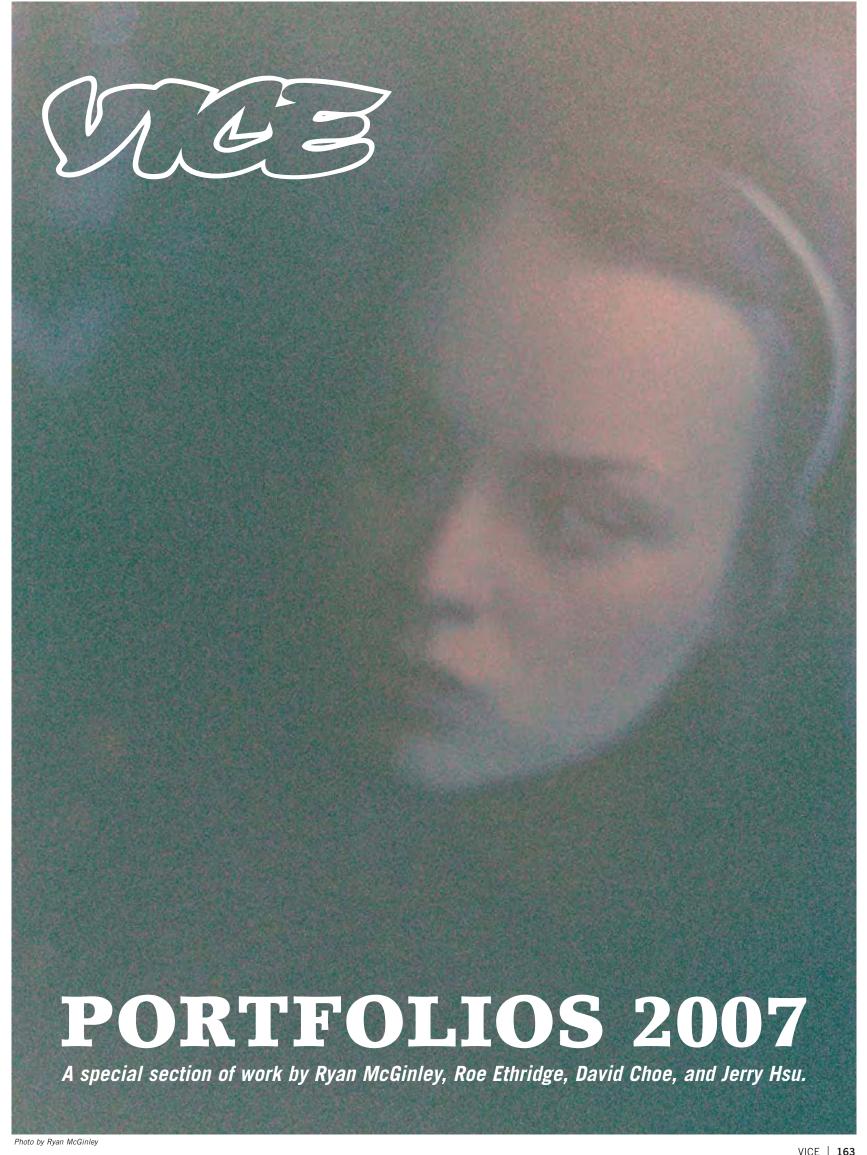


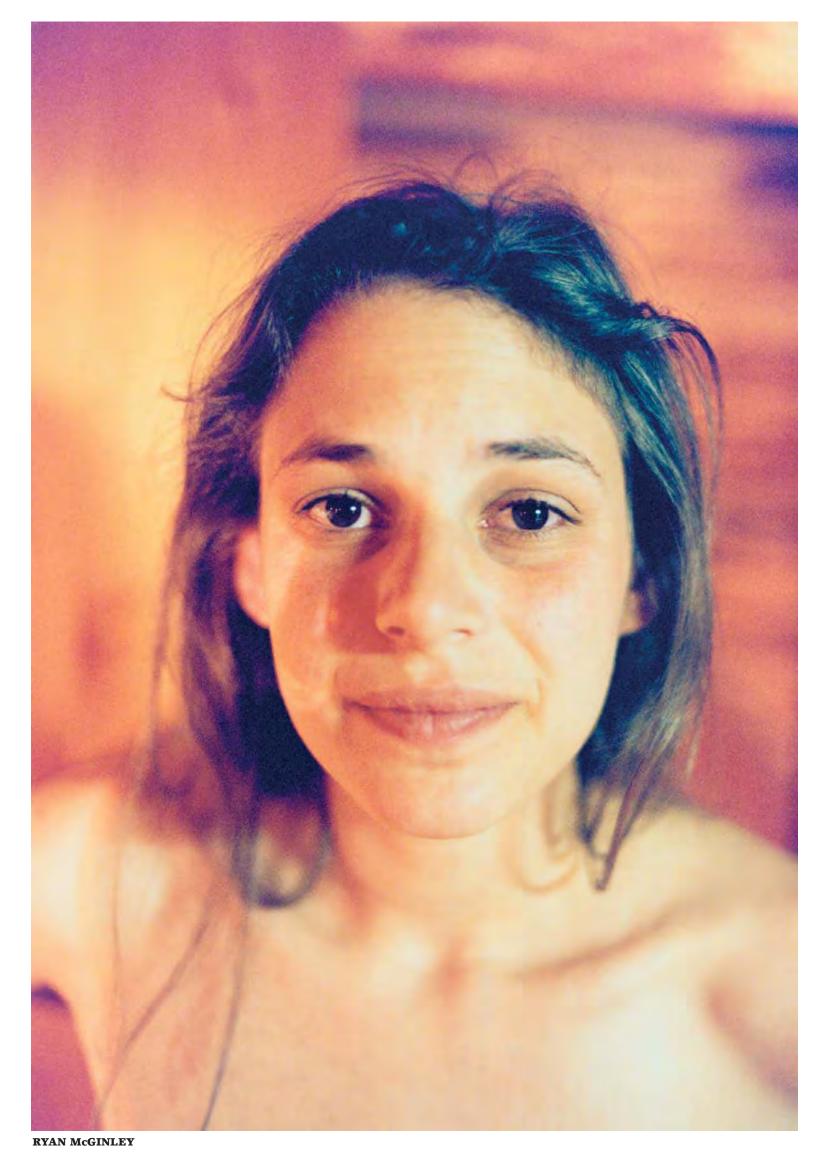
Livia Radwanski, From the *Displaced* Series, 2006, Digital C-Print. cavalosintensos@vahoo.com

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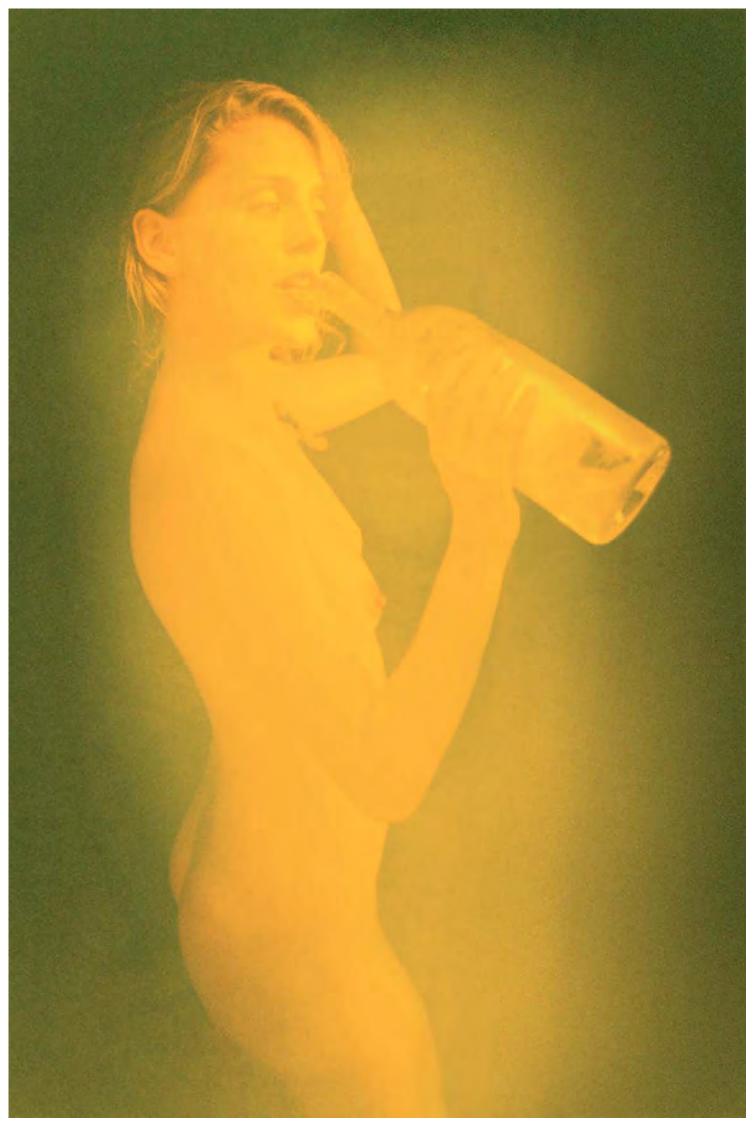


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RYAN McGINLEY

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RYAN McGINLEY





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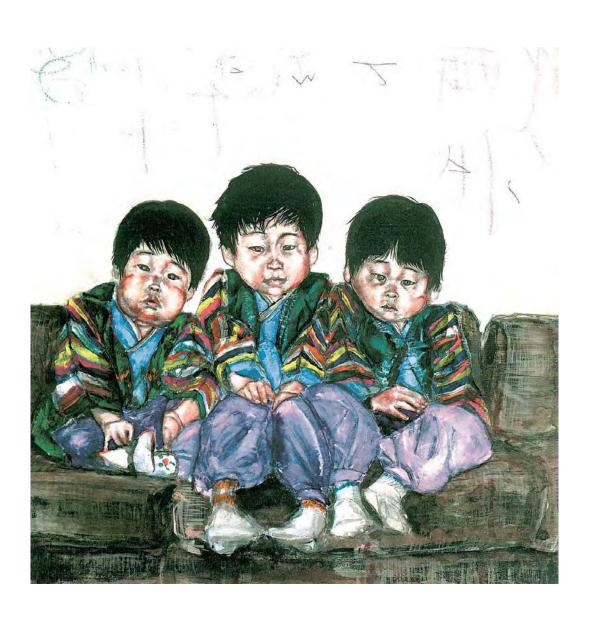




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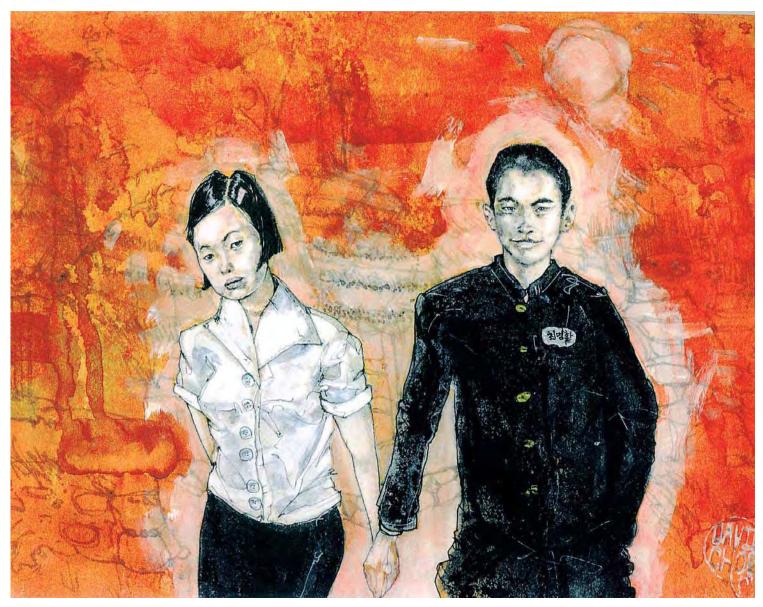


DAVID CHOE: PAINTINGS FROM PHOTOS

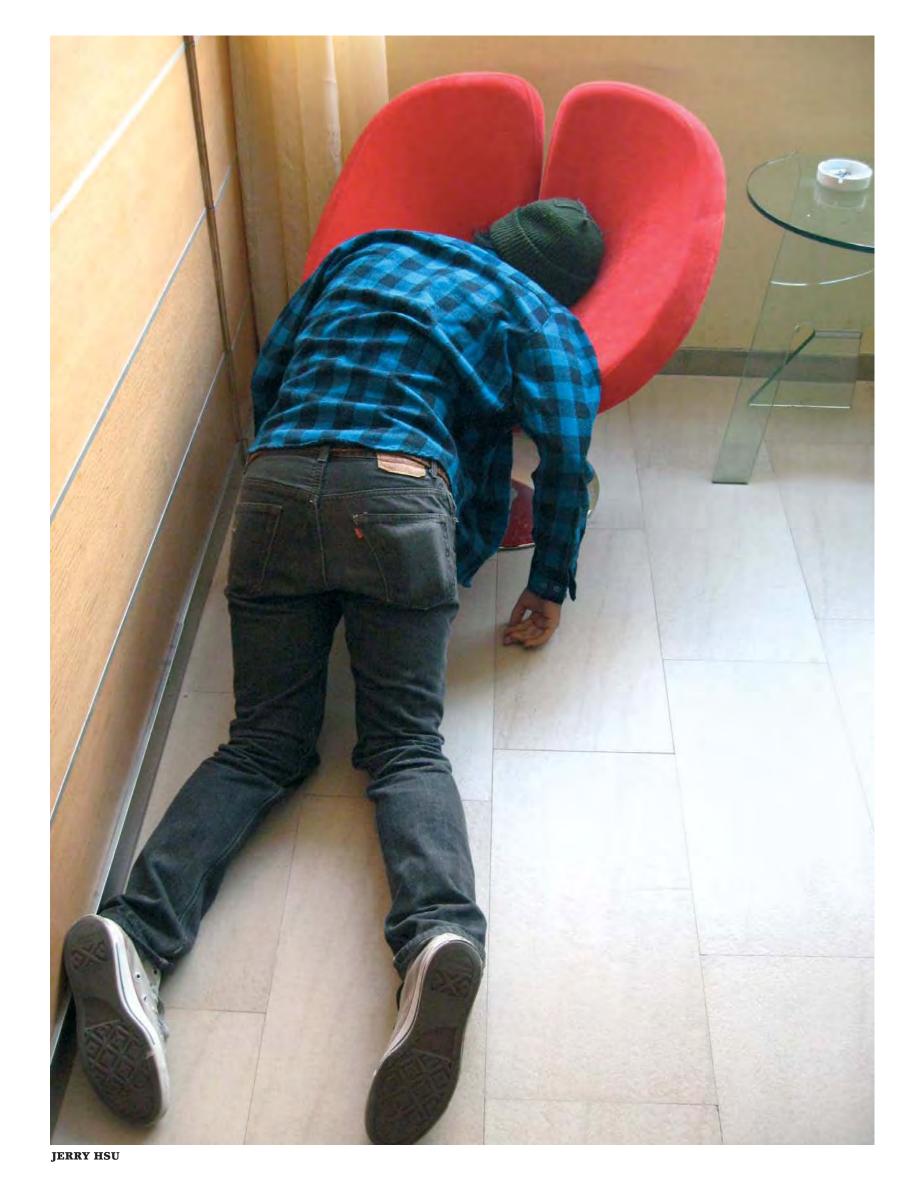


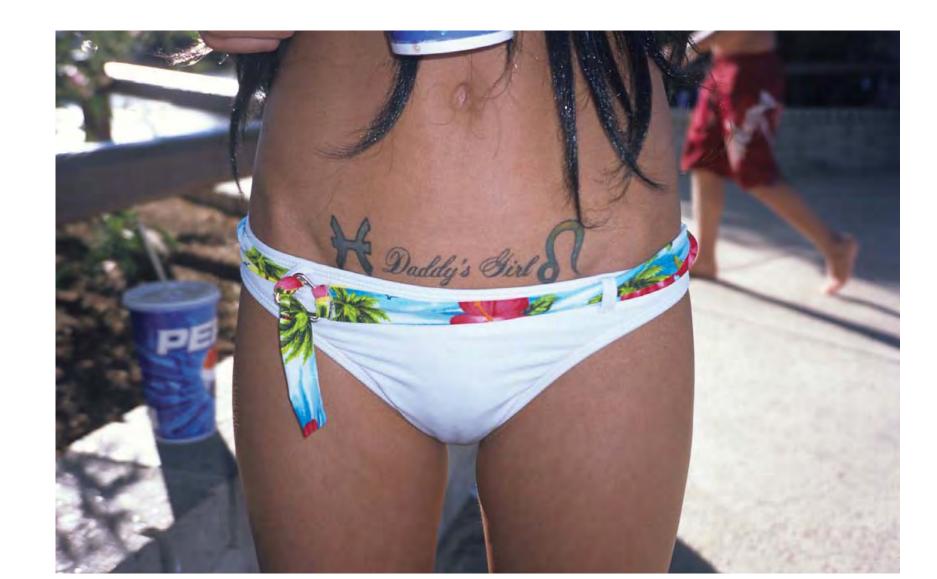






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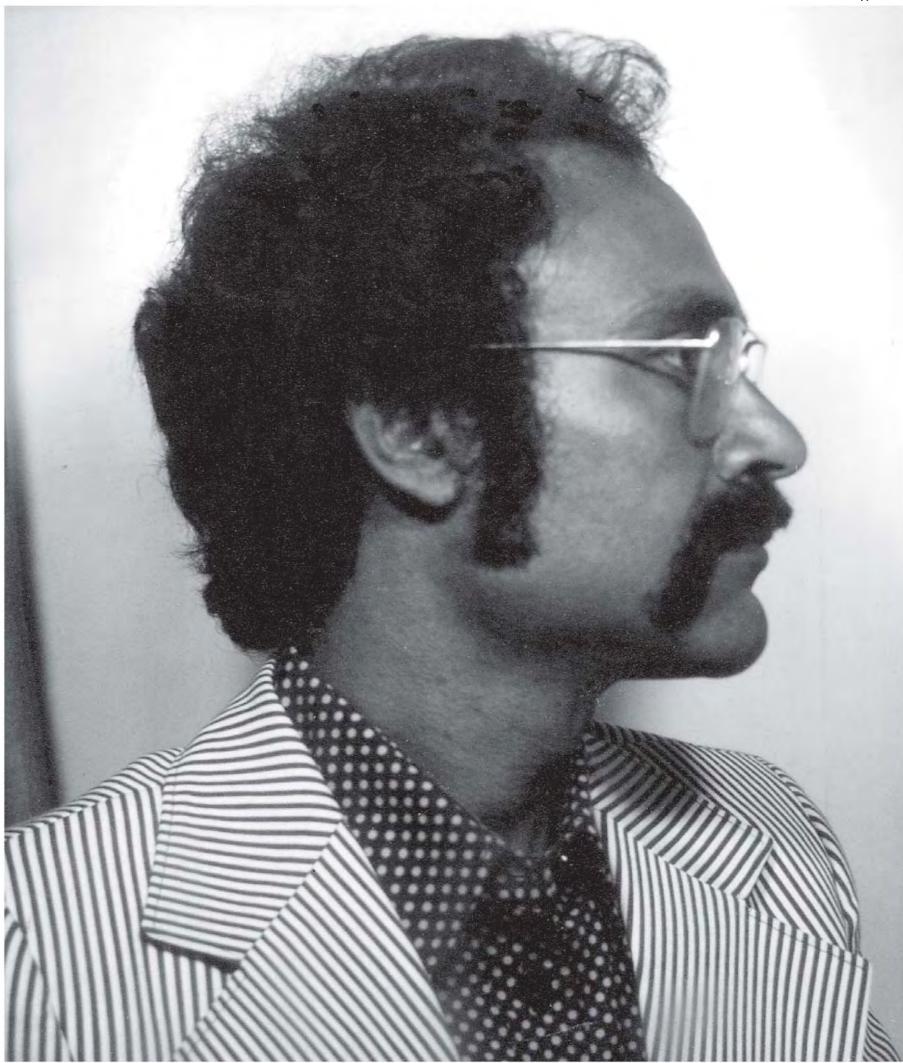
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